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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **FRIDAY** week was occupied in the Commons.

Commons by the discussion, and more or less monotonous rejection, of several new clauses intended to make Ireland in various ways a possible place of residence for honest folk in case the Bill passed; and when midnight came the subject of as yet unfinished debate was the appointment of the Land Commissioners. But perhaps the most interesting part of the sitting was a sort of irregular statement, much interfered with by the SPEAKER, of the Government intentions, or no-intentions, on the gerrymandering scheme. The Unionists were, it seemed, to "come and be friendly," and all would be well. But the Unionists did not appear quite to see it.

On *Monday*, after some conversation about the Opium Commission, about Vitu, and about "the right of public meeting in Ireland" (which means in Nationalist mouths the right to meet to organize boycotting and incitement to outrage), the Lower House once more settled down to the Report discussion. This mainly concerned two points of great importance—the appointment of the Land Commissioners and the responsibility of military officers—together with the securities to be taken in order to prevent the incoming Irish Government from basing a reign of terror on the Records in Dublin Castle. Mr. GLADSTONE once more attempted to repeat the argument as to the trustworthiness of the Irish. If the Irish are trustworthy, why on earth did he not bring in a Bill for repealing the Union *sans phrase*, and giving up even such control as existed before it? Throughout the night the infinitely dangerous character of the course on which the Government has entered was well exposed by the Unionists, and the majorities exhibited a certain change from the "monotony" which, to Gladstonian satisfaction, was shown last week. On the military point, which is certainly of the very highest moment, the Government had but twenty-nine.

More Vitu talk (there was once a wicked man who said "ignorant as a member of Parliament"), showing that persons who concern themselves about such things did not know who FUMO AMARI is; a somewhat airy proposal of Mr. FARQUHARSON'S to meet coal strikes by an export duty on coal, and the Behring Sea matter (for which see below), preceded the usual debate on *Tuesday*. This was once more instructive; indeed, in

quality as well as in manner, these Report debates compare very favourably indeed with those in Committee. We agree with Mr. GLADSTONE that Mr. KIMBER'S proposal to suspend Irish Acts by Address of both Houses in the Imperial Parliament would be inconvenient. But Mr. GERALD BALFOUR'S clause to prevent Irish writs running against domiciled Englishmen and Scotchmen stood on a very different ground. It simply restored the pre-Union state of things to meet the practical dissolution of the Union; and it is something more than possible that it might be required in the merry days when the spirit, and perhaps the person, of Mr. HEALY shall direct alike Irish Legislatures and Irish judicatures. Of course it was rejected, as were Mr. HENEAGE'S omission of the preamble and Mr. DALZIEL'S amendment cutting out the Second Chamber. The last was debated at some length, and there was a good deal of cross-voting, the Government prevailing by 83, in a division in which anybody might have voted on either side.

There is not much to be said about *Wednesday's* debate, which was useful but not exciting. The Opposition criticized in a calm and chaste manner, un-hasting, un-resting. But Hereford, or the heat, or something, appeared to have got on the nerves of the Government. Mr. MORLEY was in what is familiarly called a tantrum, and Mr. ASQUITH'S tone was acidulated—a pleasant thing, perhaps, in such weather.

Thursday's business (after Mr. ASQUITH had explained that the omnibuster, or piratical hackney coachman, has it almost all his own way under the present law) was also quiet, it being understood that in private the Ministry were lashing themselves up to gag. There was a little "splurt," stopped at once by the SPEAKER, between Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL and Mr. BARTLEY; but, on the whole, the relations of the Irish Legislature to Marriage, Currency, Cattle, Bills of Exchange, the Army and Navy, and other things were placidly enough wrangled over.

Politics out of Sir HENRY JAMES spoke at Sheffield, this *Parliament*. day week, with force and dignity; a memorial from 103,000 Irishwomen was presented to the QUEEN against the Home Rule Bill; and Mr. PAUL, M.P., at Hereford, announced his intention of "battering down the House of Lords." Let us hope that it will not be so "vara bad for the coo," as STEPHENSON feared it would be on a not wholly dissimilar occasion. For, as the Oxford satirist said to

Lord JOHN RUSSELL so may we say to Mr. PAUL :—
"Thy premature explosion we should rue."

Extremely amusing letters from Mr. GLADSTONE to Mr. WOODS, M.P., and to the Welsh Church-robbers, were published on Wednesday morning, dealing with the insistence of both on having their axes ground first. These letters, as well as some recent performances of their author in Parliament, may remind some of Dr. JOHNSON'S description of FOOTE :—"One species of wit he has in an eminent degree—that of escape. "You drive him into a corner with both hands; but he's gone, sir, when you think you have got him, like an animal that jumps over your head."

In the middle of the week a blood-curdling story was circulated to the effect that Mr. GLADSTONE had been within an ace of being crushed under the chariot wheels of two ferocious Tories—Mr. BURDETT-COUTTS and Colonel SAUNDERSON. And, for a Gladstonian legend, this had a remarkable substratum of truth. For the items—one Mr. GLADSTONE, two Tories, and one chariot or pony carriage—were actually, at a given time, within measurable distance of each other on the surface of the habitable globe. For the rest, it was much as usual; and Mr. GLADSTONE was in exactly the same danger as every Londoner who walks when others are driving is at many times of every day of his life.—Not satisfied even with this, a party at its wit's end has tried to get something out of an alleged conversation between the SPEAKER and Count SZAPARY on the English and Hungarian Upper Houses, in which Mr. PEEL appears to have put with great accuracy the well-established rights and duties of the House of Lords.

An important Report on Sea Fisheries was issued yesterday.

The Hereford Election. Mr. RADCLIFFE COOKE won a seat for the Union at Hereford on Tuesday, very neatly beating Sir JOSEPH PULLEY by 44, and winning the odd event in the seven bye-elections which have occurred. The Gladstonians had made almost sure of victory, and had striven to make it double sure by calumniating Mr. COOKE in a fashion for which Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE received some rough handling from the candidate. After the election they talked of "fighting against odds" (nature not specified). Indeed, "Herefordiensis," in the *Times* of yesterday, has shown that the odds were very long on the other side.

The Behring Sea Arbitration. The results of the Behring Sea Arbitration were made known on Tuesday night, and were claimed as a great triumph for Great Britain, and for the principle of arbitration itself. All the historical and political points are, in fact, given in favour of Great Britain, and so far the arbitrators are to be congratulated on having broken through the tradition of their kind, that, no matter who is in the right, England must be in the wrong. It seems, however, to be thought, both in America and in Canada, that the decision on the actual seal-catching regulations somewhat abstracts the oyster from between the shells which are so handsomely handed to us. But Mr. KIPLING'S Kotick is the only fellow who can speak authoritatively on that point.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. At the end of last week more Hindoo and Mahommedan rioting, this time at no less a place than Bombay, was reported from India. The New Zealand House of Representatives had enfranchised women, "both of European and Maori race."

Very serious accounts came on Monday of the Bombay riots between Hindoos and Mahommedans, which, though they had not been directed against Europeans, had thrown the whole city into disorder for days, necessitated the calling out of the Volunteers and the importation of two regiments from Poonah, filled the gaols, and done much damage. And we let

those about Mr. NAOROJI not only talk but act! There had been fighting in Vitu, and fuller details were received of the Matabele raid. In France somebody had tried to assassinate M. LOCKROY, and the POPE had written to the Archbishop of BORDEAUX a rather grandmotherly epistle shaking his ebony stick at the Catholics who presume to request him not to be unequally yoked with an unbelieving Republic. Congress was debating the Silver question.

Better news came from Bombay on Tuesday morning, the riots having been mostly put down. Very little assistance had been received from native sources. There was fresh trouble in Argentina.

We note above the most important item of Wednesday morning's news. The Khan of KHELAT had been deposed; Bombay was quiet; and there was a state of siege throughout the Argentine Republic.

Thursday's foreign and colonial news was very slight. Nor can much more be said of that of Friday, which contained, however, news of the death of an Oxford undergraduate on the Alps and of a French-Italian faction fight at Aigues Mortes, together with the not very incredible statement that, when M. LE MYRE DE VILERS, the new French agent at Bangkok, went to call on the KING, his Siamese Majesty was "absent indisposed."

Accidents. The Ilfracombe and Lynton coach was upset yesterday week, and several persons were injured, though none fatally.—A very disastrous railway accident happened on this day week on the Taff Vale Railway, a train with excursionists from Aberystwith leaving the metals and running down an embankment, with the result of death on the spot to twelve persons, and serious injuries to a much larger number.—On Thursday morning another coach upset, with damage to half a dozen persons, was reported from the Peak, and another boating accident, fatal to no less than seventeen, from the Shannon. Minor boating mishaps have also been woefully frequent during the week, as well as those due to bathing, which, indeed, considering the appalling heat, is not wonderful.—Not a few fatal effects of the heat itself (93° in the shade) have been reported, and it is said that there has been a rise in the number of suicides, for which we vouch not.

The Volunteers at Aldershot. Much criticism, official and other, has been passed on the extensive operations which were carried on last week at Aldershot by the large force of Volunteers assembled there. The official criticism, while censuring some individual shortcomings, was on the whole favourable. It was, perhaps, unnecessary to urge the prohibition of the issuing of beer to men marching under a hot sun. Spirits in such a case are undoubtedly dangerous, but good beer in reasonable quantity hath, as the Bideford epitaph says of another matter, "Pleased many a man and never vexed one." The volunteered criticism was in some respects much sharper, and, as put in the *Times*, has drawn forth strong remonstrances from Lord WANTAGE and others. The plain truth has been said many times—that it is practically impossible to expect perfection or great proficiency from a force which has so few opportunities, and those almost wholly at its own expense of time and money, of realizing the full conditions of military work; that no one in his senses would rely wholly on the force in its present condition; but that part of it is already in, and much more could in a short time be brought into, a condition which would be invaluable for the purposes to which it is supposed to be devoted.

The Law Courts. RICHARD DAVIS, one of the brothers sentenced to death for the murder of Police-Sergeant EVES, has been reprieved. The other was executed on Wednesday. The coroner's jury on the victims of the Aberavon accident found a verdict of manslaughter against the boatmen.

The Coal Strike. A curiously impudent appeal was addressed at the end of last week by TILLET, MANN, and Co. to "the working men of the metropolis" to give financial aid to the coal strikers who at this moment are, for their own private advantage, running up the price of coal on these same working-men as purchasers of that commodity, interfering with many of their trades as workers, and proposing that they, as part of the public, shall be made to pay unnaturally high prices in future. A great deal of violence has been shown by the Welsh colliers on strike. Mr. ABRAHAM, M.P., a very well-meaning and excellent, if not very wise, person, was savagely assaulted for advising to peace; and collieries where the men have not been willing to come out have been "invaded" and terrorized till military help came.

The Northumbrian miners declined to go out on Tuesday, and this, though anticipated, may have a good effect.

On Thursday morning distress (home-made and wantonly provoked, if ever there was such) was said to be prevailing extensively in Lancashire, and the disturbances in Wales at Blaenavon, and other places, had become very serious, military, police, and special constables having to do their utmost to protect honest workers who neither wish to plunder nor to sponge on the public from ruffianism.

On Thursday the tables were to some extent turned, and though it is no doubt sad and bad and mad of the Ebbw Vale workmen, on being "invaded" by the strikers, to take stout sticks and administer a sound thrashing to the invaders (some of whom used revolvers in defence of the sacred rights of Trade-Unionism), we are afraid that most good men will feel an ungodly joy at the fact.

Yachting. For the Commodore's Cup, the last important event in the Ryde meeting last week, the *Navahoe* was entered, but did not start, and the race "round the Island" was contested by the *Britannia*, *Satanita*, and *Calluna*—who came in in the order named—and a solitary forty, the *Lais*, which had her class to herself, but came in more than an hour after the *Britannia*.

The Royal Albert Regatta, on Monday—a magnificently fine day, with a light south-easterly breeze—brought out the four big cutters left in for racing. The *Britannia* and the *Satanita* had a good race, the former winning. The *Calluna* ran aground, and the *Navahoe*, nearly half an hour behind at the turning-point, did not appear at the finish. The cruisers were handicapped in more senses than one; and the *Molly*, the smallest competitor, was able to beat such boats as the *Creole*, *Mabel*, and *Columbine*.

The *Varuna* regained her position in the forties on Tuesday; and the new yawl, *Anemone*, scored her first win with the cruisers.

On Wednesday the *Britannia* was disqualified for her Monday's win, on a charge of boring the *Satanita*; but she supplied its place with another in a day of such baffling winds that the course had to be cut short by half. The *Calluna* was second, the *Navahoe*—which had done badly at first, but picked up at the end—third, and the *Satanita* last. The *Varuna* had another win, and a new element of interest in the third class was introduced by the Irish twenty *Mala-detta*, which beat the usual *Deirdré* and *Molly*, the *Dragon* being absent.

Cricket. In the second batch of cricket last week two scores of over one hundred were made—one (124) by SHREWSBURY for Notts against Kent in the second match of the Canterbury Week, and another (108) by Mr. CHALLEN for Somerset against Sussex. There was a match of unusually heavy scoring between Middlesex and Gloucestershire, and one of unusually light scoring between a Surrey team of professionals

only and Leicestershire. The Surrey men were out in their first innings for 34 only, and were finally beaten by five wickets.

In the conclusion of these matches the excessively bad luck which has this season beset Somerset was again apparent; for the bad weather of Saturday deprived them of a certain victory over Sussex, whose last man was in, with some hundred and fifty runs to get, when play became impossible. Kent and Notts also drew; but Middlesex had an easy innings-win over Gloucestershire; and in the second-class counties Hampshire beat Warwickshire well.

High scoring was the rule on Monday, the England Eleven at the Oval staying in the whole day against Australia, and making 378 for half their wickets.

Tuesday was a very remarkable day. The English team having extended their score to five hundred, lacking seventeen, got the Australians all out for 91, BRIGGS and LOCKWOOD bowling, and Mr. MCGREGOR keeping wicket with extraordinary truth and justice. The follow-on was kinder to the Colonists, who had made 158 for two wickets only when time came. Mr. LIONEL PALAIRET made a fine innings of 72 for Somerset in the match with Gloucestershire. This was interesting as a "war of the Epigoni," young Mr. GRACE and young Mr. TOWNSEND playing for their fathers' county.

The uphill effort of the Australians was gallantly continued on Wednesday till almost the last; but the tail wicket or two fell rather easily, and England won by an innings and 43. The chief credit was due to the bowlers and wicket-keeper, as above mentioned; and, among many batsmen who did well, to Mr. JACKSON, the Cambridge Captain, who did best with 103. Somerset beat their neighbours at Cheltenham by 127; and Yorkshire—helped by a wicket which, bad for them in their second innings, became almost impossible for their adversaries—vanquished Middlesex by 145.

Miscellaneous. It was announced formally this day week that the Duke of CONNAUGHT was to succeed Sir EVELYN WOOD at Aldershot.—There were good reports from the grouse moors—little disease and birds very fairly numerous.—The survivors of the *Victoria* arrived at Portsmouth on that day, when also H.M.S. *Forth*, leaving Plymouth in foggy weather, rammed a merchant steamer and cut her down, but brought her safe into harbour. Unluckily the *Forth* herself, though it would appear that she had a very fair ram, and the object cannot have been as hard as a man-of-war, was seriously damaged, her ram being twisted, and her fore compartment filled.

Correspondence. The name rather than the arguments of Sir JOHN ADYE may commend his letter on "India between Two Fires," on Thursday morning. But the name itself is that of an advocate too long pledged to the backward and Gladstonian policy. And when Sir JOHN declares that "no Russian general would be so ignorant and foolish" as to enter India by the Pamirs, he is, we fear, presuming a little on the ignorance and folly of his readers. Every one who, as Sir JOHN must have done, has studied the subject, knows that the part which the Pamirs would play in a Russian invasion is very definite and very important.—Professor BEESLY has revived the objections of some purists to the words *morale* and *locale*. It is quite certain that the French themselves use *moral* and *local* in these senses. But "morale" has been English for a hundred and fifty years (we are not so sure of the age of "locale"), and it may plausibly be contended that both have made good their ground by usage as naturalized hybrids, standing on a different footing from such a solecism as *à l'outrance*, to which the Professor also, and here justly, objects.—Mr. WALTER BESANT gave, in the *Times* of yesterday, an

account of the Literary Conference at Chicago, and a protest against the criticisms passed on the sailing of the *Navahoe* was made by "U. S. N.," implying that English yachts combine to hinder the stranger—a charge which, we hope, will be met.

Cummerbundity. It would appear that the tropical weather has driven Englishmen from waistcoats to waist-cloths. But the rapidity with which the custom has descended what the historic page calls the social scale will remind some of an interesting precedent. Long, long ago, when men now incredibly old were young, Oxford was invaded one summer term by a hat of marvellous offensiveness—a hat of white silk, low in the crown, and an ugly likeness of the hat of Master TOMMY MERTON, as represented in the pre-Burnandian versions of his history. Men of taste met, pondered, resolved. One fine afternoon a wretched, drunken creature who used to wander about horse-holding, &c., appeared in a brand-new hat of the favourite style adorned with a Bullingdon ribbon,

And lo! next day in Corn and Broad and High
No hat of such a form could any spy!

A similar fate may await the cummerbund.

Obituary. In Sir EDWARD HAMLEY England has lost her foremost soldier who was also a man of letters. Many soldiers have written excellently on their own art; but General HAMLEY was a good novelist and an essayist of remarkable excellence on miscellaneous subjects. As for the *Operations of War*, it has been justly extolled by most competent authority both at home and abroad. Nor was his soldiership, though well shown in his technical work, in any way of what is opprobriously called the "desk" variety, as Sebastopol and Tel-el-Kebir saw. It was said, we believe, by some that Sir EDWARD's great abilities were accompanied by a somewhat excessive sensitiveness as to their recognition, and that his command of incisive language sometimes led him into a rather indiscriminate employment of it. But, on the other hand, few men were regarded by their intimate friends with more affection, while it would hardly have been possible to find a pleasanter or more amusing companion in casual society.—Dr. CLIFFORD, Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton, belonged to the older and better tradition of the Roman priesthood in this country, as became one of the CLIFFORDS of Chudleigh.—Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ, whose death was reported last week, was an actress of great skill and refinement, who had not been latterly as much before the public as could have been wished.—The Dowager Lady JERSEY, daughter of the great Sir ROBERT PEEL, and sister of the SPEAKER, was one of the best-known members of London society for many years.—By a coincidence, Dr. BLANCHE, the most famous of all French physicians who kept private lunatic asylums (the late M. DE MAUPASSANT was only the last of a long line of distinguished patients), and Dr. CHARCOT, one of the greatest living authorities upon the diseases which supplied Dr. BLANCHE with his forlorn guests, have both died this week in France.—Professor CARL MÜLLER was the chief of all Düsseldorfians who have recently dealt with sacred art.

FLOWER AND SEED.

FOR three or four days at the end of last week and the beginning of this, the second city in India, or great part of it, was in the hands of a mob, indeed (which does not make the matter better) of two mobs. Bombay is regarded with just pride by the excellent persons who consider the English Empire in India not as an instance of the triumph of the manly virtues over the less manly, but as a convincing example of

progress and of education of lower races by higher. It is a really beautiful city, extorting reluctant admiration even from French travellers who are determined to find nothing but what is barren in British India. It has an enormous trade. It has a model Municipality. It has native magistrates who, by the way, if the malignant newspaper correspondent may be trusted, do not seem to have been of any very great use in the outbreak. It has a proper police. It has a very large colony—in fact, the headquarters—of those interesting strangers in India who are regarded with equal affection by Hindoos and Mussulmans, who are represented in the British Parliament, and whose representative, in the intervals of organizing a rapid exchange of telegrams on the necessity of babooifying the Civil Service, has found time to inform the world that "Musjid" is the Hindoo for "Mosque." Yet the two main divisions of the native inhabitants of this almost capital have been flying at each other's throats for the best part of a week, and have only been kept from spoiling the continuity of thousands, instead of tens, of those throats by the exertions of the Europeans. The Bombay Volunteers have been out for twenty hours at a stretch. Sailors have been landed both from men-of-war and from the Packet service. Troops have been fetched from Poonah to Bombay—not, as one authority puts it, from Bombay to Poonah, which would scarcely have achieved the purpose intended. And next to that little bit of intelligence about the native magistrates, which we hope is false, the most interesting items of the whole budget have been the statements that the leading native inhabitants have not been of the slightest service in putting down the riots; and that the native papers complain that the military ought to have been called out before.

It would be really interesting to know whether a single GEORGE DANDIN, of that most Dandinian of parties the Gladstonian Radical, has hung his head over the matter, and said "Vous l'avez voulu." Observe that, except in that innocent complaint of the native papers that the brutal remedy of force was not more rapidly and more forcibly applied, there is not a hint of any fault on the part of the English authorities. The riots, which arose on the old sectarian differences, were not even indirectly based on any interference with the natives, of whatever sect. No ill-feeling seems to have been shown to Europeans. The suppression must have been made very much more difficult by the fact that neither party to the riot appeared to have seditious intentions, and that the indiscriminate and unhesitating "whiff of grape-shot" which Frenchmen, Germans, or Russians would have at once administered, would have seemed naturally repugnant, and "not the game," to British instincts of fair play. The considerations which this riot suggests are of a totally different kind. They may, indeed, include an uncomfortable doubt whether in India we are not far too much at ease in Zion, and whether, if it should so happen that days not quite so far off as that year of 1851 when Mr. NAOROIJ remembers riots in Bombay should come again, we are sufficiently on our guard. But these are indirect considerations; the direct ones are different, and very profitable indeed for Radical study.

In the first place, why this extraordinary explosion of a religious hatred which, indeed, the ruler of India, whoever he is, must always have with him, but which need not, as a rule, pass the ordinary scale? And there is only one answer to this which can commend itself to any reasonable man. All kinds of natives, but especially the Hindoo as opposed to the Mahomedan, and the Hindoo of the towns as opposed to the Hindoo of the country, have been for years encouraged by an entire party and by a vast number of individuals in England to regard Englishmen as intruders, themselves as

injured innocents, and the day of redemption as drawing nigh. The ill-omened Viceroyalty of Lord RIBON—when a man who was too fatuous a failure to be employed in England was sent out to meddle and muddle in India—was only an exceptional triumph of a home policy which has been steadily working, and which, though the wisdom and the vigour of the English tradition in India counterwork it to a great extent, must in the long run end in ruin, if it is not wholly abandoned. We are advocates of the utmost fairness, and even generosity, towards natives. We would have no native State that is independent, or quasi-independent, interfered with or deprived of its independence, unless it is absolutely unavoidable. We would allow a fair proportion of posts in the subordinate departments of the various Services to natives of merit. But, in the last resort, it is theirs to be ruled, and ours to rule. If we are not to rule, we are in a false position, and have no business in India. Representative government, large intermixtures of natives in the higher ranks of the Civil Service, trial by native jury, and the rest, are all exposed to the most fatal of dilemmas. Not to be dangerous they must be doctored into an organized hypocrisy. Freely and frankly carried out, they must at the best encourage hopes and ambitions which find their expression in such events as these Bombay riots.

But there is more than this. If there is one thing which hurts the tender feelings of the Gladstonian who meddles with things Indian more than another, it is to be reminded that what we represent in India is "the stick." From Travancore to Hunza, with very trifling exceptions, we got it by the stick, and from Hunza to Travancore we must keep it by the stick. And, as may be seen in this remarkable instance, it is for the exercise of the stick that the very natives themselves look to us. They—that is to say, the Hindoo part of them, and a part of that part only—may Congress, and Conference, and write leading articles, and cram for Government posts, and cultivate a taste for representative institutions. But when it comes to the pinch, it is they who cry to us to come and protect them from the adversaries they would be so glad to rule, who actually complain that we do not come soon enough to their protection. Nor are Cow Protection Societies, and things of that kind, to be overlooked and sneered at. We know, by unfortunate experience, that it is quite possible for Hindoos and Mahomedans to be at each other's throats one moment and at ours the next. And it is equally indisputable that nothing but our presence prevents them from being chronically in the first state, and that it is impossible to strengthen our rule too much, in order to prevent disaster to them as well as to ourselves.

Every one who knows the facts, who is capable of drawing inferences from them, and who has the courage and honesty to look his own inferences in the face, knows that we are, and always must be, nothing in India but a garrison, an army of occupation. We cannot teach the natives of India to govern themselves; for, if they had been capable of that, they would long ago have been governing us. But we can give them perfect freedom, in every sense in which freedom is not a mere term of cant and gabble; we can see fair play between them; we can offer careers of reasonable brilliancy to their most promising representatives; and we can be "good lord to good man"—not the least reasonable and not the least noble, on both sides, of possible relations between human beings. All else is bosh and mare's-nest—the latter sure too soon to undergo a change into a nightmare's-nest of the '57 type. If we are too conscientious, or too weak, or too idiotic to continue to do what we have done hitherto, and keep weak and jarring civilizations in working order by the force of will and wit, let us, for Heaven's sake, abdicate at once, shut ourselves up in what Mr. GLADSTONE

once called "this small little island," and perish by the fate which we shall then deserve. But as long as we stay in India, let us stay as a governing race, playing no fool's tricks of political experiment, encouraging no dreams of an impossible equality between Englishman and Hindoo, but keeping the strong hand on evildoers and restless children like those of Bombay within, and showing a front of steel to intruders from without.

MACAULAY AND THE MODERNS.

IT is never easy to state anything definite about studies at Oxford, because fashions alter so quickly, and so many new ideas come in with young tutors. Even to those doctors who may err and have erred, we might urge the request of CROMWELL to some opponents—"Brethren, believe that it is possible 'ye may be mistaken.'" We, too, may be mistaken in supposing that MACAULAY is under a cloud of disapproval in the Oxford School of Modern History. But we understand that MACAULAY has not escaped the usual fate of a famous writer in the second generation. If this be so, his contemporaries have certainly something to say for their opinion. But it is no less certain that they may, and probably do, carry their opinion to an extreme. Mr. MORLEY, in a well-known essay, has put part of what may be urged against MACAULAY with quite sufficient force. MACAULAY encouraged "oracular arrogance" and "thrasonical complacency," and trained a taste "for all the paraphernalia of the pseudo-picturesque." MACAULAY is of the brief and fated bloom of the middle classes; he abounds in the commonplace, he is "in exact accord with the common average sentiment 'of his day'; he is 'edgy' and 'inelastic'; he is 'the hero of a past which is already remote.'" Of course Mr. MORLEY qualifies these censures, but he scarcely touches on other faults—on MACAULAY's lack of fairness, his partisan or personal prejudice in his dealings with DUNDEE, MARLBOROUGH, PENN, WILLIAM of Orange, the affair of Glencoe, the Highlanders, and many other things and people. On all this much has been written and may be written to the disparagement of MACAULAY.

In spite of all these faults—nay, in consequence of some of these faults—it is not safe, or wise, or even "cultured," to neglect MACAULAY in the study of modern history, especially at Oxford. The History School there has produced some worthy students, if it has produced no great writers. But, as a matter of fact, the school exists primarily for the purpose of education, and accidentally as an easy route—perhaps the easiest—to the cheaper University honours. We need not linger over the question of education. To our mind there is infinitely more of educational value, political and literary, in THUCYDIDES, POLYBIUS, PLATO, and the *Politics* of ARISTOTLE than in modern history, especially in the mediæval period. This may easily be argued; but, granting that modern history is to have the kind of school and the kind of students which it possesses at Oxford, then the reading of MACAULAY seems essential. In the first place, a crowd of young men with an Aryan aversion to books find MACAULAY's narrative actually readable and enjoyable. They are not what we suppose if they find some of his modern supplanters enjoyable or readable. Now, merely to learn to read with pleasure is a great part of education. Dryness and dulness are not merits in themselves, and are not encouraging. To skip MACAULAY is worse than to read Roman history expurgated of its legends, which are, or should be, part of the universal stock of knowledge, however scanty their grains of actual truth may be. Again, MACAULAY has so largely made the current conception of English

history that to neglect him is to be ignorant of what the majority knows or thinks it knows. He has errors of judgment and errors in facts, but there is educational and literary value in the mere examination of the manner in which these arose and in the correction of them. His picturesqueness is by no means always "pseudo-picturesque," and why should we avoid pictures when they are brilliant, living, and often truthful? Once more, if his own world agreed with MACAULAY'S ideas, and our world does not agree with them, that fact only makes his work more historically valuable. In MACAULAY, better than anywhere else, the great Whig illusion, the great middle-class fallacy, may be examined and analysed. "He is the hero of a past which is already remote," and that is one of the best reasons why an historical student should study MACAULAY. He reviewed Mr. GLADSTONE, and the gulf that has broken between these days and those is as wide as the gulf between the reign of HENRY V. and the reign of ELIZABETH, or wider. Thus, not to speak of MACAULAY'S wide knowledge and research, his book of history has become history itself, and cannot be supplanted by more modern manuals. He is now an original authority for the notions and tastes of the early Victorian period. Thus considered, even the opponents of MACAULAY may regard him as, of all historians, the historian who is at present most worthy of notice and of comment, "not GARDINER nor another." To despise him, to throw him aside, is to declare oneself an incompetent pedant. For no historian can afford thus to treat "the most universally popular of the serious 'authors of a generation,' however respectable may be the unpopularity of his successors.

THE DEBATE ON THE REPORT.

IT is really becoming a little difficult to see what the Government have gained by the "gag." Not time—or not, at least, any appreciable amount of time—that seems already pretty certain. For, unless Mr. GLADSTONE gags the House on the Report stage, as he gagged the Committee on the preceding stage, which he is supposed to be reluctant to do—though perhaps the longanimity which his flatterers are now effusively celebrating is not unconnected with the fact that it is the SPEAKER, instead of Mr. MELLOR, in the Chair—the Bill cannot possibly arrive at the third reading much sooner than it would have reached that point if he had allowed it to be properly debated in Committee. He should have had the courage of his criminality, and have made up his mind that, if the House of Commons was to be muzzled, to enable him to bring it more conveniently under the Irish yoke, he would at least have something substantial to show in the way of party gains. He cannot suppose that the outrage which he has committed on Parliamentary institutions will be forgotten or forgiven because of this clumsy attempt—if, indeed, it is so intended—to atone for it; and why, therefore, he should deliberately elect to be hanged for a lamb instead of a sheep is beyond our comprehension.

That, however, is his own affair. Our business as Unionists begins and ends with noting that the course which he has taken is subjecting the Bill and the Government to quite as damaging usage as they could possibly have met with through a proper prolongation of the preceding stage of Committee. The exposure, indeed, which they have undergone during the past week recalls some of their worst experiences on the second reading and in Committee. It began with the new clause moved by Mr. CARSON with the object of removing the Land Commissioners from the control of the Irish Government, and vesting their appointments

in the Crown. There could, of course, be no earthly reason for resisting this proposal except the unwelcome one that the power of packing these Courts with their own nominees is absolutely necessary to Mr. HEALY and his friends, and that Mr. GLADSTONE is therefore bound to reserve the patronage in question for their possession. It was a case of "I maun hae it! I maun hae it for CARR!" Only, as the times do not allow Mr. GLADSTONE to imitate the naïf brevity of JAMES I., he naturally took up a column of newspaper report in explaining why he could not accept Mr. CARSON'S clause. And this let in Mr. BALFOUR to show—in a speech of about the same length, but of which every word was effective in laying bare, as every word of Mr. GLADSTONE'S was designed to conceal, the truth—what consequences for the Irish landlords were involved in the iniquitous decision.

An interesting little discussion then followed on a new clause moved by Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER with the object of transferring to the custody of the Home Secretary before the "appointed day" all papers, letters, and other documents "relating to the administration of justice and the treatment of prisoners" which shall at that date be in the custody of any "department or official in Ireland." The necessity for this step was so obvious that the Government could only resist the proposal on the plea that its object could and would be attained without adopting it; and the debate was otherwise only noteworthy for the revelation of Mr. SEXTON'S innocent inability to see "why" documents relating to a state of things which had "passed away should continue to exist." The inability was shared with him, it will be remembered, by the officials of the Land League. Of course Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER'S new clause was rejected and without a division; but on Major DARWIN'S, which came on shortly afterwards, the Government were compelled to fight, and only managed to procure its rejection by a majority of 29. Major DARWIN as a soldier was not unnaturally concerned for the position of his brother officers in a Home-Ruled Ireland if called upon by the civil authorities—that is to say, by the local HEALYS—of any given district to assist in "restoring order"—that is to say, to dragoon recalcitrant loyalists; and the Major wished Parliament to empower such an officer to justify his refusal of assistance by an appeal to a military order issued by the Secretary of State for War. The discussion elicited an edifying display of lawyerly lore, in the course of which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL pointed out that any soldier so situated must necessarily take the risk of being shot if he disobeyed his military superiors, and hanged if he was unfortunate enough to take life while engaged in assisting the civil power; a pronouncement which only confirms a common impression that law may be technically sound without being practically satisfactory. Among other reasons for opposing the new clause, Mr. ASQUITH insisted that the position of a soldier in Ireland and in England under such circumstances would be identical, inasmuch as each would be called upon, in the event of lives being lost, to justify his action before the civil tribunals of the country. In the same way it may be said that the position of a prisoner about to be tried on a capital charge in an English assize court is identical with that of a man underlying a similar accusation in the court of an Oriental Cadi, each of the two courts being a "civil tribunal" of the country to which it belongs. We take it, however, that Major DARWIN does not feel quite easy about the fate of an English soldier brought to trial before a Nationalist jury at the instance of a Nationalist Executive, and with no other defence than an appeal to orders received from an Imperial authority; and we cannot say that Mr. ASQUITH'S lucid exposition of the law was

entirely calculated to remove these misgivings. The Government, however, were too obviously pledged to lend the forces of the Crown to the gentlemen named by the Special Commission as having conceived the design of "bringing about the absolute independence of Ireland as a separate nation." And hence they were regretfully compelled to vote against the clause.

Tuesday's debate disposed of the remainder of the new clauses, and in its course elicited from the SPEAKER an intimation of his wish that discussion on the Report stage should be confined to those parts of the Bill which have not been discussed in Committee. Unquestionably this would be the preferable mode of procedure, and after this recommendation from the Chair, and enforced as it was by an appeal from the Leader of the Opposition to his followers, endeavours will no doubt be made to conduct the debate on these lines. But "those parts of the Bill" which were referred to by the SPEAKER are in so overwhelming a majority over its debated provisions that it is to the last degree improbable that more than a comparatively small proportion of them will be reached before the Report stage is brought forcibly to a close. And in such a state of circumstances, brought about by Mr. GLADSTONE's high-handed proceedings of last month, it may be difficult to persuade members who have put down amendments reopening questions which have already been discussed to forego them in the supposed interest of new matter which may never come up for discussion after all.

The Gladstonians, at any rate, do not seem particularly disposed to follow the SPEAKER'S advice, for the semi-mutinious section of them entered with much zest into the discussion of the amendment, moved by Mr. DALZIEL, to omit the words establishing a Legislative Council in Ireland. Mr. SAUNDERS and Mr. WALLACE came up to the scratch, and voted for the amendment; but where was County GUY of Northampton? He should surely have remained in England to give another vote in favour of that Second Chamber to which he is opposed "in principle," but which he can approve of in a Home Rule Bill, probably because he thinks of "principle" in that connexion as Lady TEAZLE thought of morality in her conversation with JOSEPH SURFACE—namely, that they had better leave it out of the question. Mr. GLADSTONE, of course, defended his Second Chamber with the usual vague commonplace, and the voting on the amendment was as irregular as ever. In fact, the question is one on which almost any vote may be justified by anybody. We see how Mr. LABOUCHERE justifies his, and the justification of the opposite vote by Mr. DALZIEL, Mr. SAUNDERS, and the rest of them, is obvious enough. On the other hand, it is clearly open to every Unionist either to support the clause as it stands, in order to "affirm the principle" of a Second Chamber, and in the conviction that a mischievous Bill cannot now be made much more or less mischievous, whatever be added to it or omitted from it; or to support the amendment on the ground that the particular form of Second Chamber proposed in the clause is merely a fraudulent pretence at observance of the Second Chamber principle. Unionists like Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN adopted the former of these courses. Sir EDWARD CLARKE and others, quite as legitimately, elected to follow the latter.

COACHING ACCIDENTS.

THE recurrence of coaching disasters this holiday season brings to light once more the perils that beset the trustful tourist who commits himself to a trip on the road without a thought of the stability of the vehicle, the soundness of its harness, or the capacity of the driver. Most people never think of

these things. They are conscious of being incompetent critics of the mysteries of buckles and straps or of brakes and wheels. Or, if they do think of these things, and give expression to their fears in public, they are derided by their robust fellow-travellers as timorous or nervous, like the gentleman in this week's *Punch*, who is voted a nuisance. Yet even this person, to judge by the pictorial circumstances—the wild-eyed coachman and the galloping team—was not without justice in his apprehensions. There are, of course, coaches and coaches. Some of the vehicles put on the road for the season are no doubt in responsible and practised hands, and are in all respects excellent in appointment. Possibly all those that are running in connexion with railways are of this category. But not the most sanguine or thoughtless of tourists can believe that this happy state of things is comprehensive of all kinds of "coaches." There are, for example, several descriptions of excursion coaches which are not, as experience teaches us, all that they should be. The sad accident that occurred last week near Lynton was extremely alarming, and is by no means the first of the kind that has happened in the neighbourhood. The descent from Lynton into Lynmouth is one of the most difficult of roads to drive four-in-hand, in a district that abounds in awkward and difficult ways. Twelve months' constant and successful driving in such a country might qualify a driver for membership of a first-rate coaching club. It is obvious that the driver of a coach, in a district so hilly and so notorious for accidents, cannot be too gifted in experience and caution. The immediate disaster appears to have been caused by the mischievous folly of some boys on the roadside, who scared the horses by waving flags somewhere near the summit of Directions Hill, about a mile from Lynmouth. The horses bolted down the hill towards Lynmouth, and at one of the dangerously sharp turns of the steep road overturned the coach, leaping clear of the hedge in their fright to the valley below. Eight of the seventeen passengers, with the driver and the guard, suffered more or less serious injuries. Such an accident, it is true, might happen to the best-appointed coach. A good driver may lose control of his team when horses bolt in certain circumstances. But the affair illustrates the peculiar difficulties of the Lynton roads, and shows how unceasingly watchful and steady drivers on those roads should be.

The accident to a driving party, with whom was the Mayor of Derby, in the Peak district, near Edale, is apparently of a totally different description. There was no bolting of horses in this case. The report of the accident suggests that one of the horses caused the mischief. "The horse broke the traces, and the vehicle was overturned," is what we read; and those in the conveyance were thrown out against a stone wall, and more or less severely hurt. We cannot help thinking the horse must have been a remarkable horse, almost as remarkable as the horse that figured in a compensation case, and appeared, as the judge remarked, most disobligingly to have planted himself suddenly at a right angle with his proper course, and there deliberately awaited the onset of a van until it was securely transfixed by the pole of that van. That a horse should break one of the traces is somewhat curious, and, if he broke two, it ought only to have been in performance of his honest duty, all in the way of good collar-work. It would be interesting to know if the condition of those broken traces was investigated after the accident. The examination might have led to the conclusion that they should have been overhauled before. We are confirmed in the belief that the protection of the public demands a thorough preliminary test or inspection before an excursion sets forth. Every part of the equipment of coach and

horses, and of other popular vehicles, such as breaks, and "cherrybanks," as they call them in the West, should be subjected to the closest examination by some competent authority.

THE NEW UNITED IRISHMEN.

MR. GLADSTONE has been much encouraged, as appears from a letter which he has recently written, by the reception of an Address from 3,535 Irish Presbyterians who are in favour of what he tautologically calls "Home Rule for Irish purposes in Ireland." The phrase suggests a contrast with his refusal under the *omnes omnia* clause of Home Rule for British purposes in Great Britain. The 3,535 represent in Mr. GLADSTONE'S view a much larger amount of opinion favourable to his projects than the figures taken by themselves would indicate. There are impediments, he suggests, which prevent many people who might be of the same mind as the 3,535 from declaring themselves. It would be interesting to know from what part of Ireland these 3,535 have been collected. Are they Irish Presbyterians distributed over the Southern and Western districts of Ireland—Irishmen residing among a Catholic population who have good reasons for desiring to disarm the hostility of their neighbours among whom they live as scattered foreign settlers in a hostile country? No doubt there are Northern men among them. There is always a certain proportion of people who delight to be in opposition to the prevalent sentiment, whose pride it is not to say "ditto to Mr. BURKE." A merely contradictory spirit, a temper of cussedness, will probably account for not a few of the 3,535. There are men whose delight it is to be in a minority, who think they derive distinction from protest. The servile disposition to take the side of the majority is often combated by a factious disposition to join the minority, among whom the passion for notoriety, the quest of individual self-importance, is more easily gratified than by concurrence in the predominant sentiment. There are probably also not a few honest fools among the 3,535 men, who are imposed upon by the democratic claptrap of which Mr. GLADSTONE is a master, who are moved by his talk about the union of hearts, and are disposed, in a certain drunkenness of political sentiment, to swear an eternal friendship with their old antagonists, and to shake hands all round. This phase of intoxication is as recognizable among groups and bodies of men as among individuals. With the former as with the latter, the mutually embracing stage is ordinarily succeeded by the quarrelsome.

Mr. GLADSTONE has been told that the declaration in favour of Home Rule of the 3,535 Presbyterians is purely spontaneous. If it is spontaneous, it is also miraculous. Three thousand five hundred and thirty-five persons, moved each by individual impulse at the same moment of time to address him, and to put their signatures to an address which we must assume spontaneously concocted itself, makes a large demand upon political faith. Mr. GLADSTONE would scarcely propound this idea to Mr. SCHNADHORST, or to Mr. MARJORIBANKS, without the proverbial wink of the haruspice. We suspect that Mr. HEALY and Mr. O'BRIEN, and even Archbishop WALSH, may know more of the 3,535 than the Moderator of the General Assembly. Presbyter in this instance is perhaps only priest writ small. The combination would not be new. It existed, as Mr. GLADSTONE, not very happily perhaps, reminds his spontaneous friends, a hundred years since. "I looked forward with confidence," he writes, "to a very large and early return of Presbyterians in particular to the sentiments in favour of union with their fellow-countrymen which governed them as a body one cen-

tury ago." Mr. GLADSTONE refers to the union of the Presbyterian Republicans, who formed the bulk of the United Irishmen, with the Defenders who organized the systematic outrages of the Roman Catholic peasantry of that time. The alliance which he desires to see renewed was entered into with the intention of breaking the connexion with England, and expropriating and expatriating the Irish landlords. It has its modern counterpart in an understanding which combines for their immediate purposes the Irish-American Fenians, whose religion is that of WOLFE TONE, with the clerical propagandists of the Plan of Campaign. The beginning was then made of those overtures to revolutionary France of which the purpose was the establishment of an Irish Republic. The alliance which Mr. GLADSTONE desires to see revived had its commencement some ten years after the establishment of Home Rule in the shape of the GRATTAN Parliament, and inevitably grew into projects of complete separation. When Mr. GLADSTONE says that the political union of Presbyterians and Roman Catholics "will in all likelihood be delayed until the Parliamentary controversy has been closed," he probably does not intend to point to such a sequel to his Home Rule as that which followed GRATTAN'S; nor to such a subsequent outburst of religious hatreds and civil war as ensued when the superficial reconciliation, as was inevitable, broke down. His sentimental rhetoric is without conscious relation to history. But, in spite of himself, he points to a conclusion which he himself misses.

BETTERMENT.

THE correspondence in the *Times* on the subject of Betterment has served mainly to reassert and put in the clearest light one old and rather obvious truth. This is, that the pet scheme of the County Council contains much eminently debatable matter, and ought not even to begin to be put into execution without careful consideration and discussion. It is to be noted that the advocates of the Council, and in particular Mr. H. L. CRIPPS, have a way of going off from the real point at issue, and taking refuge behind a harmless general proposition. When they are told that great individual injustice may be done, and that it will be extremely difficult, and even very doubtfully possible, to hold the balance even, they reply that all who derive special benefit from any particular improvement ought to pay in proportion, which in a general way is acceptable doctrine, but the difficulty is in the application. As a matter of course, too, they complain that their critics have no alternative to suggest. This is a very favourite part of the stock-in-trade of the reformer of every kind. He takes it for granted that a sweeping change is needed, and that he is entitled to call upon all opponents either to accept his scheme or to produce an alternative. The answer is easily made in this as in many other cases. The present system of assessing rates may not be theoretically perfect; but it has been long established, is well understood by all concerned, and has been adjusted to conflicting interests by understandings and compromises which attain practically to a very fair degree of equity.

Mr. CRIPPS and others on his side avoid, as might be expected, coming to close quarters with the objections advanced by the Duke of ARGYLL in the letter in which he sums up the objections to the "Betterment" clause. The Duke, combining and arranging the criticisms of other opponents of the scheme, points out that what they complain of is that it must work individual injustice, from the mere difficulty there always must be in selecting the persons who are to be benefited by any

particular improvement, and in estimating the extent of the benefit. If the clause in the London Improvement Bill is finally accepted by the Lords, the selection and calculation will have to be made by an arbitrator. Unless we are to suppose that every official to whom the duty is assigned is endowed with a more than human degree of insight and foresight, it must be taken for granted that he will make mistakes by which somebody will suffer. In that case nothing has been gained for justice. To many of us it certainly appears almost impossible to assert that every "improvement" will do good to such and such persons in so eminent a degree that they ought to be called upon to pay exceptional sums towards its cost. In some cases, of which Mr. CRIPPS and others of his way of thinking make great use, it no doubt is possible to feel sure that a particular area will derive advantages which it is comparatively easy to estimate from public works. But in many cases the benefit is very doubtful till it is proved by experience, and it is quite impossible to measure the area over which it extends. Yet the County Council proposes to take upon itself to prophesy the benefit, and to impose taxes on the strength of its prophecy. And this work is to be done by an arbitrator who will be appointed by a Government office. Mr. CRIPPS is terribly shocked because the Duke of ARGYLL calls the Local Government Board a political office—but that only shows the extreme innocence and candour of Mr. CRIPPS.

An article on Betterment, contributed to the *July Law Quarterly* by Mr. JOHN R. ADAMS, may be recommended to those who think that the opponents of the innovation exaggerate their fears. Mr. ADAMS shows that in America it practically results in throwing an undue share of the burden of effecting general improvements on particular classes. We do not suppose that this would give pause to Mr. CRIPPS and the London County Council, it being their object to effect immense improvements without having recourse to such a general increase of the rates as would make them unpopular, and they believe they can effect this if they are allowed to fleece the ground landlords. But people who are less interested than the County Council, and, therefore, more likely to see clearly, may remember that the plunder is in the end generally a barren resource. For that, as well as for other reasons, it is not to be adopted without due consideration, and the Lords were justified in refusing to let it be introduced by a clause in a London Improvement Bill. We do not deny that the vote in the Commons last week has to some extent deprived the manœuvre of its hole-and-corner character, but it has also removed the Council's one excuse for not introducing its considerable innovation in the old system of assessing rates openly.

THE BEHRING SEA AWARD.

IT is said that the Hall of the Audiencia of the archiepiscopal city of Granada was adorned by a work of art put up very disinterestedly as a warning to litigants. This picture represented a litigant in the state in which the Devil appeared to a certain saint—or very nearly. He wore a roll of law papers in his hand, and nothing else; while a label bore an inscription saying, "I have won and am in this state; beware 'of the law,' or words to that effect. We are afraid that the Canadians will see in the Spanish suitor a not inaccurate representation of the condition in which they have been left by the award of the Behring Sea arbitrators. They have won their case. The law is declared to be wholly in their favour. The claims of their opponents are dismissed and declared to be unfounded, while their own rights are judged to be beyond dispute. Nothing can be more satisfactory; but, unhappily,

those rights are to be exercised under restrictions which may be found to deprive them of almost all their value.

The satisfaction with which the award has been received in this country must, we suspect, be partly—or even very largely—accounted for by the natural surprise of Englishmen at hearing that any arbitration has been decided in their favour. On the point of law the decision has been wholly favourable. All the edifice of deduction, supposition, and assertion which Mr. BLAINE built up with so much audacity, and cemented with so much rudeness, has been firmly, though with absolute politeness, improved off the face of diplomacy. It has been decided that Russia never did exercise recognized territorial rights in Behring Sea, that Behring Sea is a part of the Pacific as much as the Sargasso Sea is of the Atlantic, that the proprietary rights of the United States do not follow the seal in all its wanderings in the ocean. In short, Mr. BLAINE'S claims are declared to be unfounded, and the Canadians are adjudged to have been innocent of poaching when they fished for seals on the high sea. Those of their vessels which were seized by United States revenue vessels are to be restored, and the loss suffered by their owners made good. But—and it is a very important "but"—fishing is to be prohibited for sixty geographical miles round the Pribyloff Islands, and during the months of May, June, and July, over the great expanse of sea which is north of the 35th parallel, and east of the 180th meridian. The vessels which fish in the high seas in the open season are restricted to the use of sails only, are forbidden to employ firearms, and are to be subject to much supervision. Now the practical result of this may well be to give the real benefit of the seal fishery to the United States. The Canadians are already complaining that the close season will stop their fishing at the most profitable period; while the Americans, who have the exclusive use of the islands, will suffer no real loss. As these regulations are to be subject to revision every five years, it is tolerably certain that, if the Canadians do lose by them, it will be found that the award of the arbitrators has not settled the Behring Sea Question. The best consolation we can offer the Canadians is to remind them that, if some restriction is not put upon the fishery, the seal might go the way of many fine fortunes which have got into Chancery—that is to say, disappear while the claimants were disputing. The arbitrators advise the English and American Governments to put a stop to the fishery altogether for at least a year; and this is perhaps not the least sagacious part of their award.

It was a matter of course that the arbitration should be quoted as a triumph for the cause of civilization. On that point all we have to say is that it has certainly proved adequate for the occasion. It shows that where two States do not want to fight, and the matter of dispute is not of vital importance, where those of the clients of one side who are directly interested are powerless to resist, and the other side gain in substance all they hoped for, arbitration is a fairly good way of coming to an understanding. If the believers in arbitration as a means of averting international quarrels are satisfied with that, we would not say a word to disturb their satisfaction. Baron DE COURCEL and his colleagues have performed their function with much dignity and success. England is shown to have taken the orthodox view of international law. The United States is pleased to learn that the freedom of the sea is secured, and that it will get the seals. If the Canadian fisherman complains that he gets nothing, it must be remembered that even the most eloquent and humane arbitrators cannot satisfy everybody.

A PICTURE OF HOME RULE IN WALES.

THE latest reports from the South Wales coalfields reveal a state of things that has hitherto been associated with a Pittsburg strike. The affray in the Ebbw Vale surpassed in violence, indeed, anything of the kind that has occurred in Pennsylvania. The speeches of the Trade-Unionist leaders and of their supporters, in Parliament and without, are bringing forth the kind of fruit that was to be expected. The country is given over to riot. The military and the police are engaged in protecting the Ebbw Vale colliers from the attack of thousands of strikers gathered from the surrounding collieries. The leading tradespeople have banded themselves to act in support of law and order. Mounted on horses, they serve as amateur scouts for the military, by scouring the country and reporting on the movements of the strikers. These scouts are known as "Protectors," which savours strongly of an American institution. The situation in South Wales is uncommonly suggestive of early days in Kansas. In that territory, when the Government went flabby, as some Governments do, the leading inhabitants took to protecting themselves, and did the work with admirable thoroughness. That is precisely what the Ebbw Vale people have been compelled to do, through the disgraceful supineness of the authorities. They are too well aware of the tenderness with which the Government regard the intimidation and despotism that now mark the acts and language of the heads of what is known as the New Unionism. Thus far, it is refreshing to know that the right of the Ebbw Vale men to work has been vindicated, and the monstrous claim of the strikers that they shall not work, except on Unionists' terms, has been utterly defeated. The "Protectors" have proved extremely useful. They brought information to Ebbw Vale of the threatening bands of strikers who concentrated on the adjacent mountains, and were determined to march on the town to enforce their views of liberty on the inhabitants. This intelligence moved the military and police authorities to prompt action. They were prepared to block the roads and prevent the march of the rabble of strikers. Ebbw Vale, in fact, was ready for the expected army of strikers from Blaenavon, Blaina, and other places.

These excellent measures appear to have inspired the leaders of the strikers to call an informal meeting on the way. The Ebbw Vale men went forth to assist at the Conference, cautiously arming themselves with stout sticks, as protectors should who are threatened with the bludgeons of the enemy. And these representatives of gallant little Wales speedily discovered the virtue of being forearmed. They also discovered that there is nothing your true New Unionist dislikes more than the voice of reason, unless it be the strong arm of the law upon them, of which experience they have had little enough unhappily. When the Ebbw Vale men desired to explain why they insisted on their right to work, they were refused a hearing. Whereupon chaos set in, as chaos frequently does when such liberal sentiments are uttered and acted upon. There arose a mighty and significant cry. "We'll give them Home Rule," they shouted, and were as good as their word. The subsequent proceedings afforded a highly instructive picture of Home Rule. The men of Ebbw Vale, since they were not to be heard, determined to make themselves felt. They fell upon the army of strikers, and smote them from beyond Waunypound, it seems, even unto Beaufort, where a general stampede took place, and the hordes of discomfited strikers were scattered among the mountains, which have ever proved a refuge to lawlessness and disorder. As a lesson to the party of disorder the result is eminently gratifying. The braggart insolence and domineering tyranny of

the strikers and their official leaders have received a check that should prove highly salutary. That strikers should be stricken is a new and wholesome experience. They had provoked a conflict by their intolerable claims to interfere with freedom of labour. But how about the toleration of tyranny which has made these things necessary to freedom?

IN DIFFICULTIES.

HOT as the weather has been for the past fortnight, Mr. GLADSTONE must have felt, we should think, that the temperature of the political situation has been keeping pace with it. He has certainly never been in a "hotter corner"—to look at—than that which he has occupied throughout the whole of this week. His Bill doesn't move; his Radicals are shouting for the gag, which, for reasons of his own, he hesitates to apply; his Welshmen are grumbling at the delay of Disestablishment; his Labour members are worrying him to give a lift to the Eight Hours (Miners) Bill; and he has lost a seat at Hereford. Mr. SAMUEL WOODS importuned him before this last calamity had occurred; but the pressure on the PRIME MINISTER was already sufficient to render him breathless, and to drive him for the first time in his life to the use of short sentences. His letter to Mr. WOODS gives the impression of his having had just vitality enough to gasp out a protest against "giving away the time piecemeal" before sinking exhausted into an easy-chair with a cry for cooling drinks. To have Mr. WOODS upon your back immediately after having closed a prolonged, an extremely delicate, and a slightly unpleasant correspondence with thirty Welsh members must really pass human endurance. As to the loss of Hereford, there is not, perhaps, so much to be said. Mr. GLADSTONE was, in the first place, to some extent no doubt, prepared for it; and then the constituency is a "wobbler," and the majority not large enough to represent any emphatic pronouncement against his Irish policy. Still, it is an untoward incident to occur at the moment when the young braves of his party are urging their chief to new deeds of valour with the gag.

Of course Mr. GLADSTONE'S answers both to Mr. WOODS and the Welshmen are substantially nonsense. He talks to the former about not "giving away the time piecemeal," and gravely discusses with the latter the claim of their sectarian "fad" to the second place in his legislative attentions. In neither instance is he in any contact with the facts. He has no time to give away, piecemeal or otherwise; and there is no second place for the factions to fight for. He will not pass anything—or anything contentious—in the present Parliament, whether he proposes what he calls "autumn sittings for business" or not. It is the plain duty of the "party of at least 315 gentlemen"—whose imposing strength he can recognize when it is a question not of muzzling them, but of putting off inconvenient claimants—to prevent him from confusing and sophisticating the issue before the country by tacking on to it the Newcastle Programme. By a proper display of moral firmness and physical endurance, the Opposition can prevent this Cheap-Jack dodge from being successfully worked; and there is every sign that an ample supply of these qualities will be forthcoming. At one time we should have said, and said with absolute confidence, that Mr. GLADSTONE knows this quite as well as the Opposition themselves. If we cannot speak so confidently on that point now, it is because he has of late shown signs of "senile hallucination" about Parliamentary facts and possibilities of the most obvious kind. It is just conceivable, therefore, that when Mr. GLADSTONE endeavours to quiet all these hungry applicants by promising all of them a share of the legislative boons

at his disposal, he may be actually under the delusion that he has something to divide.

On the whole, however, we incline to the belief that he knows better. Our impression is that, while he sees as clearly as his opponents the absolute impossibility of meeting any of those political "acceptances" which he scattered so freely among the electorate last summer, he cannot bring himself—any more than can other sanguine gentlemen in difficulties arising from like causes in private life—to admit his virtual insolvency, and frankly inform his creditors that he sees not the faintest prospect of his ever being able to satisfy their claims. He cannot resist the temptation to "carry on" a little longer by offers of impossible payment at an indefinite future—a temptation rendered additionally tempting, as some of the holders of his "paper" are a very raw and inexperienced lot, others singularly sentimental and confiding, and almost all of them bent on securing, if possible, an unfair "preferential" position over their rivals. They resemble, indeed, the creditors of an estate which is known to have only assets enough to pay but an insignificant dividend, and each of whom, therefore, is jostling his neighbours in the attempt to get judgment and execution on his individual claim before the estate goes into inevitable bankruptcy. To see Mr. GLADSTONE playing off each one of these claimants by turns against another is, no doubt, interesting, just as an egg-dance is interesting—to the artistic sense. But morally, of course, this exhibition of venerable shiftiness on the one side, and of a combination of overreaching greed and unbounded gullibility on the other, is a little revolting.

LONG DRIVING AT GOLF.

THE reconciliation of theory with practice is always satisfactory, and many have been the endeavours to account for the obvious fact, that at golf some men are long drivers and that others are not. Further, when it was observed that many among the former class have been and are in no way remarkable for physical strength, and yet could drive further than others more richly endowed in that respect, the matter came to be regarded as an entire mystery. But in these days science advances with rapid strides, and one of its exponents, Professor P. G. Tait (and who more able to "evolve o'er steaming pot the power o't" ?), has for some time past been devoting considerable attention to the elucidation of this beautiful problem. In the earlier stages of his calculations he made it apparent that, although a "carry" of 180 yards was quite feasible (indeed, that may be taken as about the average of a first-class driver's effort), yet to effect any greater distance than that, such an alarmingly rapid increase of power was postulated that a carry, say, of 230 yards became on this basis impossible. But accounts continually came to hand of how Rolland frequently drove balls, so to speak, well into the third century; the redoubtable Mr. Edward Blackwell appeared in the flesh, giving ocular demonstration of driving at least as long as, probably longer than, Rolland's; and, finally, the Professor's own son, Mr. F. G. Tait, last winter capped all previous performances, so far as known, by driving a ball 250 yards from the club to the pitch, which distance was scientifically measured and attested by all in a position to do so. How, then, to account for the discrepancy between theory and fact? On all calculations based upon the average strength of human thews and sinews, if sheer hard hitting was the secret, no such drive was possible; so the question was one to be settled, as the *Globe* put it, *tête-à-tête* between sire and son. But, since that colossal drive was made, the Professor has been renewing his experiments, doubtless with increasing interest, with the result that he has at last satisfied himself that the one thing needful is *underspin*.

Now, nobody who has ever played at any game wherein spin of any description is communicated to a ball—whether by hand, racket, cue, or what not—but feels interested in watching its effect. Bowlers with a heavy break always

engage our attention when, at Lord's, we seat ourselves in the Pavilion behind them; we look at Trott with his curl-in, sufficient almost to bowl a batsman round his legs; and when Turner, with one of his huge off-breaks, just catches the leg-bail, our hearts are too full for expression. Take a tennis-court again, and suppose George Lambert at the prime of his powers; possibly no one ever had such a severe stroke as he. When he returned the service the ball seemed made of lead, appearing for the moment as though it would find refuge in the net, then the "cut" beginning to act, it would just skim it like a skilful "hurdler," drop in the back-hand corner about chase two, and fall within that distance, a regular "poached egg." So at rackets, what could equal the delight of a hard-cut service which never rose from the back wall, forcing the outplayer to go forward and volley it, if he was to have a chance of returning it at all? Of course the idea of spin applied to a golf-ball is no novelty, but hitherto it has been considered solely in its relation, first, to a badly pulled or to a sliced ball, when the stroke is essentially bad, or, secondly, to a "cut-back" approach shot, to bring off which successfully is perhaps the prettiest, as it is the most scientific, stroke in the game—hardly to be thought of but by the adept. But the spin in these instances differs entirely from that which is the subject of Professor Tait's investigations; the particular rotation necessary to produce length of carry is round a horizontal axis, and towards the player—that is to say, the axis is at right-angles to the line of flight, and the ball rotates in such manner that its front side is always rising. Now, the Professor argues that, assuming the slope at which the ball leaves the club to be one in four, as determined by observation, it will be impossible for that ball to remain for so long a period as six seconds in a path of 180 yards, no part of which is so much as a hundred feet above the ground, unless the action of gravity be in some way counteracted, or partially so. The counteracting force, then, is this underspin. Confirmation of this view is found in the fact that the longest drives start at a comparatively slight elevation, and are concave upwards for nearly half their flight.

Many excellent golfers, however, have ranged themselves as opponents of the Professor in this matter; but one experiment which he has recently made seems to bear out his theory in a convincing, nay, a remarkable manner. It was this. He got a bow, a weak one, and had it securely clamped to a rest; then he took a golf-ball, adjusted the string exactly round the centre, and let fly; the ball did not reach the end of the butts, and in thirty yards the droop was about eight feet. Next he adjusted the string below the centre, thus causing underspin when released; the ball now sailed along like a feather, alighting far beyond the spot the other had reached; in fact, it carried the entire length of the butts, a thing impracticable under the previous conditions. The opponent of the new theory, therefore, will surely find in this fact a hard nut to crack; "Oh for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye," says Sir Toby in *Twelfth Night*, and the Professor with his bow has landed well home here. With a more powerful weapon he asserts that circumstances will be favourable for the projectile to describe a path with a kink in it, like a loop skated on ice. What, then, would happen with a bow like that of Eurytus, the son of Iphitus? The boomerang were nowhere by comparison. Sir Isaac Newton, in a letter to Oldenburg, 1671-2, had observed the effect of rotation. The passage is so curious that it is worth quoting; for to this day little more is known on the subject than was known to that accurate observer more than two hundred years ago. Says Newton:—"Then I began to suspect whether the rays in their trajectory through the prism did not move in curve lines, and, according to their more or less curvity, tend to divers parts of the wall. And it increased my suspicion when I remembered that I had often seen a tennis-ball struck with an oblique racket describe such a curve line. For a circular as well as a progressive motion being communicated to it by that stroke, its parts, on that side where the motions conspire, must press and beat the contiguous air more violently than on the other, and there excite a reluctancy and reaction of the air proportionably greater. And for the same reason, if the rays of light should possibly be globular bodies, and by their oblique passage out of one medium into another acquire a circulating motion, they ought to feel the greater resistance from the ambient æther on that side where the motions conspire, and thence be continually bowed to the

other." Newton, therefore, was fully aware of the effect of rotation in producing a curvature of path, and, according to Professor Tait, all that has since been done is merely confirmatory, without any attempt having been made to ascertain how the deflecting force depends on the velocities of translation and rotation.

Another experiment of the Professor's is curious; himself a practical golfer, and no novice in the game, he selected one of his old irons, carefully determining the distance he was able to drive with it in its normal state. Then he took the club to a blacksmith, and had the face scored with sharp grooves parallel to the lower edge, and biting downwards; so that it presented the characteristics of a lion's tongue, being rough one way and smooth the other. With the face thus altered, increased rotation being produced, his "carry" was lengthened by thirty per cent., the trajectory being very much flatter, and whereas formerly the club could be used for lifting, in its altered condition it would no longer subserve that purpose. In further elaboration of the same idea, that of obtaining the right amount of underspin, he let construct a special instrument, which resembles nothing in the heavens above or in the earth beneath; without the assistance of illustration it is somewhat difficult to describe; sufficient to say, it is well calculated to bring tears to the eyes of green custodians if it ever becomes an article of commerce. Let us add another singular fact. If Mr. F. G. Tait's drive of 250 yards had been struck without any rotation whatever, assuming seven seconds as the time of flight, the ball would have left the club with a velocity exceeding that of sound; it might conceivably have become deliquescent from friction; but if not, the range would have been, not 250, but 522 yards at the very least. It is important to bear in mind that the remarks made in this article on the rotation of a golf-ball are applicable only when there is an entire absence of wind; with wind as a disturbing element the problems become prodigiously difficult, if not insoluble. We now see that Philp and the old clubmakers, who presumably knew nothing about ballistic theories, nevertheless hit upon the description of head which naturally would give advantageous rotation—that is to say, they were thin in the face, which consequently struck below the centre of the ball.

About eighteen months ago Professor Tait, in grappling with this theory, conducted some experiments with unhammered, that is to say smooth, balls. Their behaviour, as might have been expected, was grotesque in the extreme—they "ducked and dodged about all over the place," like "folk of peace." Yet this was but the emphasizing anew of a fact already well known to every player of experience. On the first introduction of gutta-percha balls, circa 1850, they were unhammered; their vagaries being, as remarked, unaccountable. But gradually it came to be observed that, at the end of a day's play (possibly sooner, according to the calibre of the players), when their symmetry had been marred by gashes and hacks innumerable from iron clubs, lo you, the balls flew in quite respectable manner. Therefore it was resolved to try "nicking" them as of design, which answered admirably; hence the hammering process (an art in itself, by the way), now performed by the machine. Thus the roughened surface is more readily "gripped" by the club, and rotation more easily given.

The practical golfer, then, is confronted with this problem, how best he may communicate *exactly* the proper amount of this underspin; too much, if he could impart it, would defeat the object in view; too little again, and the drive is but a moderate one. Is he, then, to trust in his own right hand, in his strength, agility, and suppleness of wrist? Undoubtedly strength of arm and shoulders, and tough muscles, count for much, but they are not everything. Shall he, on the other hand, call to his aid such mechanical assistance as may be derived from queer-shaped clubs; convex in the vertical section of the head, for instance—the "true Bulger" of the Professor? Or is he to have all his faces scored and scraped with the rasp, instead of being daintily finished off with the file? Truly the whole subject is still shrouded in horrid gloom, and the golfer will have to thrash things out for himself, with the assistance, if any, afforded by such theoretical knowledge as we have touched upon.

THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

At a time when the Home Rule Bill is attracting such attention, and when every detail of that Bill compels the closest scrutiny and most jealous watchfulness, a few words on a very important, though little understood, subject dealt with in the Bill can hardly be out of place, and may be of some interest. One of the most important clauses in the Bill—to Irish minds, at least—is the one authorizing the disbandment of that well-known force, the Royal Irish Constabulary, a force slowly and carefully elaborated by successive Governments, tried by every ordeal, subjected to every test, declared by statesmen of experience of every shade of politics to be one of the finest forces under the British Crown, and for over half a century the pride of Ireland and the trusted and trustworthy guardian of her liberties. In Ireland the proposed abolition of the Royal Irish Constabulary is discussed with dismay and rejoicing. With dismay by the law-abiding, the loyalists, the lovers of true freedom; with rejoicing by the village ruffians, the *mauvais sujets*, the cattle-maimers. Were it not for the faithful, intelligent, tireless, and courageous Constabulary Ireland would have, ere this, been wrested from the Empire by the Young Irelanders of '48 or the Fenians of '67. Disband them now, leave Ireland unprotected, and woe betide the unfortunate Unionist whom circumstances compel to reside in the distressful country. Fancy all the country south of the Boyne converted into a County Clare, and you have Ireland without the Royal Irish Constabulary.

The history of the Constabulary begins over a century ago. In the year 1787 an Act was passed authorizing the Lord-Lieutenant to appoint a chief constable, and empowering the grand juries to appoint a certain number of sub-constables to each barony. The Act does not appear to have been mandatory, and several counties took no steps to appoint constables. Some years later another Act was passed for regulating the office of constable; the men appointed under this Act were called Barony Constables, wore no uniform, were not amenable to discipline, and were free to follow whatever trade or calling they listed; needless to say, they were absolutely worthless as police, and excited contempt rather than commanded confidence. In 1814 a "Peace Preservation Act" was passed, giving the Viceroy power to proclaim any part of the country to be in a disturbed state, and to at once appoint a chief magistrate, chief constable, and fifty sub-constables for such disturbed area. This, too, was a failure; the men enrolled were the scum of the population; no respectable recruits joined; they were unpopular and distrusted. The whole idea was bad, for the very existence of the force depended on the locality being in a state of disturbance, and, needless to say, the so-called peacemakers took care to justify their appointment. A sort of military uniform was adopted, and some extraordinary ones were chosen by the officers for themselves and their men. One of the former, we read, wore "a dark blue jacket, closely braided in front, with round black silk cord, small black buttons, red cuffs and collar, red and gold lace girdle, and tall beaver cap and feathers with crescent, and a Turkish scimitar for a weapon." Startling enough truly, but nothing compared to what the rank and file wore; for in a troop of thirty, "ten wore scarlet cloaks, brass helmets and plumes, with 'Waterloo' on the helmets; ten wore hussar uniform, with the 'slung' jacket then in vogue, while the remainder were simply indescribable." Even these gaudy warriors were not quite the thing, for in 1822 another Act was passed, by which one inspector-general, 313 chief constables, and over 5,000 constables were appointed. This new force was the nucleus of the present body, but did not supersede the existing force. Though a vast improvement on the old police, even this last change was not a complete success; in fact, the new body gradually became inefficient, and in 1835 Mr. Drummond, the Under-Secretary for Ireland, undertook to remodel it. The old police ceased to exist, and the Royal Irish Constabulary as they now are were founded. The force then consisted of 9,869 officers and men; several Acts of Parliament making departmental alterations and improvements have since been passed, including the appointment of officers direct from cadets instead of employing army officers, which did not work satisfactorily, and which was hitherto the rule. A dépôt was built about 1840 for training cadets and constables, and for a reserve force. Besides the Constabulary, there was also a force

called the Revenue Police, which ceased to exist about 1857. In 1848 the Constabulary numbered 10,678 men. At present there are about 12,000, consisting of 36 county inspectors, 227 district inspectors, 263 head constables, and 2,000 sergeants, the balance being constables.

From 1836 the history of the Irish Constabulary has been one of progress. Silently but steadily it grew in popular esteem, efficiency, and intelligence. Respectable, well-educated youths, sons of farmers, were attracted to its ranks. It was no longer contemptible, bigoted, and ignorant. The Young Ireland rising took place in 1848. The Government did not know if they could trust the Irish police; but that body quickly demonstrated that their watchword was duty, that personal feelings did not influence them, and Smith O'Brien's rebellion was summarily and effectively crushed. The Constabulary rose rapidly in public estimation; it was trusted and respected by all law-abiding citizens; and when, amid the snows of March '67, the Fenian rising took place, every one placed the fullest confidence in the Irish Constabulary—a confidence which was amply justified. Their behaviour and gallantry on the occasion drew forth universal admiration. Parliament voted its thanks, and the Government conferred on them the title of Royal. From '67 to '78 was a period of repose, and nothing of an eventful nature occurred; but in the latter year was inaugurated the Land League, closely followed by boycotting, intimidation, and outrage. The work of the Royal Irish Constabulary suddenly doubled, quadrupled; their lives became a misery; the force was rapidly increased. In vain; the military were called on, and for a while became police, but the conflagration spread. From 1878 to the present day almost a state of anarchy prevailed. The condition of the country needs no mention here, it is history. Notwithstanding the enormous amount of work, the gibes, taunts, threats hurled at them, the Royal Irish Constabulary remained loyal to the Government; they willingly, uncomplainingly, silently performed almost without rest the most arduous labours; all kinds of privations and hardships they underwent; in fact, they suffered actual pecuniary loss, so much so that Mr. Gladstone in 1882 readily obtained the consent of Parliament to a special vote of 180,000*l.* as a small compensation for their losses consequent on the Land agitation. Since then matters have not been quite so bad; but even still in Clare, Kerry, and parts of Cork their work has never relaxed, and, though comparatively little is heard of their hardships, they are very real indeed. It is worthy of remark that even in the most disturbed areas a feeling, if not actually friendly, at least not hostile, existed between the people and the police, and in no instance was open hostility indulged in except where firebrands and reckless agitators literally goaded the peasantry to it. Men of position for objects of their own held up to popular obloquy the officers and men of the Royal Irish Constabulary, branded them as cowards and traitors, warned the people to shun them, to deny them even food and lodging, and threatened vengeance when Home Rule handed them over to the mercies of an Irish Parliament. Even then, though ostentatiously following their leaders' advice, many of the poor people in the darkness of the night assured the police of their sympathy and surreptitiously supplied them with the necessities of life. All kinds of names intended as insulting and opprobrious were invented by the public speakers and taken up by their audience. "Harvey Duff" was at one time whistled and sung throughout Ireland because the police were at the time protecting process servers, to which unpopular class Harvey Duff in the Irish melodrama *The Shaughraun* belonged. With the advent of Mr. Forster as Chief Secretary, and the introduction of buckshot ammunition, "Buckshot" was yelled at the police by excited crowds. Even the Orangemen of Belfast did not hesitate to dub the Royal Irish Constabulary, during the riots of 1886, "Morley's Murderers"; and even still a popular name is "Balfour's Bloodhounds," "Balfour's Bludgeonmen," the alliteration making the combination run glibly off the tongue. While the historic cry of "Remember Mitchelstown!"—a delicate allusion thoroughly understood—has been used with telling effect by perfervid patriots in Parliament, in the press, and on the platform.

For police purposes Ireland is divided into thirty-six counties and ridings. Dublin has a police force of its own; while in Belfast and Cork a fixed force of the Royal Irish Constabulary is maintained. Each county is divided into districts numbering from two to twelve, and each district into sub-districts varying from three to sometimes as many

as thirty, when temporary huts and special protection posts are reckoned. Among the sub-districts the various townlands are allotted, each of which has to be frequently patrolled by the police of the sub-district. The police stations or barracks, as they are called, are generally five to ten miles apart; the strength of each being, on an average, one sergeant and four constables. The duties to be performed are various; in addition to the ordinary police work, they are charged with taking agricultural statistics, carrying out the provisions of the Cattle Diseases, Customs, and Illicit Distillation Acts; attending fairs, markets, races, and elections to preserve the peace. But during the disturbed times they were almost wholly occupied in protecting process-servers and bailiffs, sheriffs executing writs, agents, landlords, farmers who had paid their rents, boycotted persons, and all persons obnoxious for some reason or other incomprehensible to any one outside the immediate neighbourhood. A dangerous and arduous duty was protecting Government note-takers at Land League meetings, dispersing proclaimed meetings, and suppressing riots. Again, at Orange and Nationalist anniversaries in Ulster vast numbers of the Royal Irish Constabulary are drafted from other parts of Ireland to prevent collisions when opposing factions might meet. On those occasions the police are stoned and maltreated with great energy by Orange and Green alike, and when they have recourse to the bâton or the bayonet, they are denounced and abused with refreshing vigour by both sides.

From the nature of the duties they are called on to perform, the Royal Irish Constabulary are necessarily more of a military than what is generally understood by a police force. They undergo a full course of company and battalion drill; they are armed with rifles and sword-bayonets; they live in barracks, and always dress in uniform, and, though not under the Mutiny Act, they are governed by an extremely severe discipline; they are not attached to particular counties, but may be drafted all over the country; but they cannot be sent out of Ireland. The officers are chosen by competitive examination and by promotion from the ranks. In the former case the candidate must be nominated by the Chief Secretary. As a rule, about ten candidates are nominated for each vacancy; the examination is conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners, and is somewhat similar to the Army Entrance Examination, but law is an obligatory subject. The candidates are generally University men, or the sons of Constabulary officers; the age for admission is from 19 to 26; the successful candidate is appointed a cadet, and remains for eight or ten months at the dépôt, learning his practical duties, after which he is sent to take charge of a district as a Third-Class District Inspector. One vacancy in five is given to head-constables, about three of whom are nominated for each vacancy; their examination is rather of a departmental and technical nature. The rank and file join as constables, the qualifications being a fair knowledge of reading, writing, and the first four rules of arithmetic; general good character and respectability, and freedom from disease or malformation of any sort. The candidate must be at least 5 ft. 9 in. high, 18 to 27 years of age, and well developed. The vast majority are the sons of farmers or members or ex-members of the force. Promotion among constables is very slow, from twelve to fifteen years being the usual time taken before the grade of acting-sergeant is reached; this, however, is rectified to a certain extent of late by the competitive examination system, by which a man of even five years' standing may obtain promotion. The men's pay begins at 5*l.* 12*s.*, and goes up to 10*l.*, with various allowances. The pay of the officers ranges from 125*l.* to 400*l.* a year, with allowances. Needless to say, the cadetships are much sought after. Many district inspectors have been appointed to positions outside the force; a number of vacancies among resident magistrates are given them; the present Governor of Jamaica was once a district inspector, and afterwards a resident magistrate. The Under-Secretary for Ireland, the Commissioner of the Dublin Police, the Inspector General of the Constabulary, the Chief Constables of the Liverpool and Devon Police, have all passed through the Royal Irish Constabulary, while several constables have been given good appointments in colonial police forces. The officers' uniform nearly corresponds with the uniform of officers in the Rifles; that of the men is a dark green tunic and helmet, black trousers, Snider rifle, sword-bayonet, truncheon, and handcuff case, forage cap, valise, and havresac. The officers and some three hundred constables are mounted, but the former when on duty with

their men are generally on foot. The Royal Irish Constabulary have passed through many vicissitudes; their beginning was not very auspicious, but by careful training and judicious selection, by severe discipline and healthy emulation, they have attained to a position second to no police force in the world. They are unique as police, but the circumstances of Ireland are unique—were this body disbanded a similar one could never again be organized. There are many who, while desirous of having a Home Rule police, are also anxious that the present Constabulary be retained; for, truth to tell, the Irish people, no matter what their politics, are proud of the Royal Irish Constabulary. A means has been suggested whereby the force might still be preserved. It has been suggested to turn this body of 12,000 men into twelve regiments of Irish Guards, to act as an Imperial garrison in Ireland, thus relieving the great majority of the present military garrison. They would be a military force, and available, as the military now are, for the support of the civil power, if required. From their position and training, it is said the Royal Irish Constabulary would be more useful than the military; and, though they would cost more than the same number of soldiers, yet they would be cheaper in the end, as their presence would set free more than double their number of soldiers. There would be no transport expenses, as they would be a permanent garrison, and fewer commissioned officers would be required. The confidence which their presence would inspire, not alone among loyalists, but even among blatant patriots on such not unfrequent occasions when Parnellite and Healyite came into collision, would have a distinctly wholesome effect. By reducing the number of military, Irish tradesmen would lose immense sums of money; but, *que voulez-vous?*—that is one of the penalties to be paid for the privilege of having a Parliament in College Green.

HOLIDAY-MAKING—A FINE ART.

VERY few of those privileged persons who, year in year out, make or take holiday, ever, we venture to think, seriously contemplate the possibilities of the situation from the point of view suggested above. To all but a favoured and strictly limited number, who have real choice both as to when they go, where they go, and who shall accompany them, the annual outing is a thing of fear and trembling to be accomplished as cheerfully as is possible, but the enjoyment of which too often remains vicarious for the organizers. To son Tom or daughter Jane, possessed for one short moment in their lives of that best of good gifts irresponsibility, all may wear the air of pleasure. If there lies no "unexpected"—youth's chief joy—in store for them, at any rate a free criticism of the arrangements, made after hard thinking by the elder, is permitted to the younger generation, thus supplying at once both a solid present satisfaction and a safety-valve against future disaster. Who does not know, who has not acted over, that August combination of "children and the seaside"? Fifty years ago obligations such as these sat lightly on the parent, or, more correctly, did not sit upon him at all. The children remained at home. The boys contented themselves with hedgerow spoils in spring and a little mild poaching in summer, if the family *terres* did not provide that useful rabbit, for whose destruction the manipulation of the "single-barrel muzzle-loader," turn and turn about, has before now provided unlimited joy for a string of brothers. The girls, whose occupations, other than Berlin wool-work and the mastery of "Mangnall's Questions," it is not very easy to distinguish, remained, at any rate, uncomplainingly in one spot. They wore alike the monotony of their lives and their single flannel petticoat without a murmur. No doubt many dropped by the way—which was a pity; but it is open to us to wonder whether the survivors may not have been distinctly the better for the *régime* of wholesome neglect under which they were reared. They had not, it is true, the advantage of "Jaeger's" under-clothing; but, then, the world benefited largely by their not taking themselves quite so seriously as does the young person of to-day. He, by a subtle process lately rechristened thought-reading, has easily mastered the unspoken, yet dominant, idea of his progenitors, with which he finds himself in full agreement. He is convinced that a heavy debt remains owing to him from those who have thus thoughtlessly introduced him into a world where the struggle

for existence and the survival of the fittest make life an intolerable nuisance and hardly worth the living. His leave not having been first obtained, this debt, he unconsciously reasons, can hardly be wiped out, strive as they may, by those who have incurred it. This we believe to be the true interpretation of the rampant attitude assumed by so many of our young conquerors.

But, leaving them to their certain after-fall from grace, let us come to the more serious consideration of the case of their betters. Could not something fresher and more profitable than the wholesale family exodus by land or sea be devised for the patient and resigned trustees of countless households? How best can that change of mental atmosphere—to the full as important as the "change of air" of which we hear so much—be come at for the individual, whether father or mother, husband or wife, bachelor or spinster—a change of which, it must be acknowledged, they stand, many of them, sorely in need? A lady we know of, frankly recognizing her own rights in this department, despatched her tribe in safe custody to the provinces, and then found shelter in a friendly lodging hard by her own metropolitan gates, where her past history was of course unknown. A husband and wife, feeling the hour of exhaustion from duty-pressure near at hand, having first conscientiously planted out the off-shoots, departed hand in hand to a certain hotel on a London embankment, where they remained happy and *perdus* for a while. The results in either case were entirely recuperative. On their freaks becoming known, the culprits were naturally labelled mad by their general acquaintance. To our mind, they only thereby established a claim to a larger sanity than that possessed by their critics. It is so very possible to both worship and adore your nearest and dearest, and yet at a given moment to realize that for you revitalization means the going apart into the wilderness, or, hardest saying of all, the seeking of other and totally different social surroundings. Happy the man or woman who finds a ready acceptance of these important truths by his home circle, and to whom, when he shall betray the hidden longing for flight, it is not gently hinted that this is the first symptom of decay in the domestic affections.

Another, and totally different, class of holiday manufacturers must be counted with. This is the intelligent, conscientious type. Cursed with ever-hungry minds, they run to and fro, seeking first to satisfy, and then to increase, their gross and abnormal appetite for information. Of real holiday-making, that nearly lost art, they do not know the alphabet. Tell them that at Venice it is the better part to spend idle days in a gondola, drinking deep draughts of mingled silence and colour, rather than study ceilings under difficulties or bustle from church to church, they will stare blankly, or mutter scornful words in reply. The artist in travel should carefully avoid the company of these utilitarians. It is easy enough to give them the go-by on tour. A hint to a sympathetic waiter, or, if needs be, prompt flight to another hostelry, removes the danger. But should they be country-bred folk, or of your kin, and you happen to hail from the same neighbourhood, the way of escape will not prove so facile. Like the mosquito, fresh blood is ever their fancy, and for months after their return they will seek, and find, new victims. Every picture they have ever seen is described along with their personal reasons for approval of its merits. You are led, jibbing vainly as you go, up every campanile to the topmost point of every church steeple they have climbed (and climbing to points of vantage is the one relaxation they permit themselves), you are directed to seek, or desired to avoid, every hotel in Europe in turn, till you feel that neither the bliss of ignorance nor the rapture of discovery can ever again be yours. In a true missionary spirit these troublers of the peace have determined that the stay-at-home shall benefit by their wanderings. They, therefore, gather photographs as they go in armfuls, bookfuls, portfoliofuls. You fall a prey, and, if you are one of the meek, sit down patiently, hoping it will soon be over. It lasts the afternoon through. Lucky for you if the most industrious of the firm—and it generally travels solid—has not catalogued the entire collection and written original notes on each specimen. "Now," he says, settling himself with square satisfaction in his chair, "ask for any place you like, give me the number, and I will read you what we thought of it." This is a bad form of altruism, but worse has yet to come. The writer provides long evenings which have to be utilized. These photographs too often find themselves

painstakingly transferred to magic-lantern slides. The village is invited to partake of this feast, limelight and all, and the village mostly accepts. Harriet Martineau, a truthful witness, asserts more than once in her Autobiography that a magic-lantern procession unfailingly disarranged her nervous system, and produced a positive disorder. Other sufferers, out of their aversion to this form of cold and dark sociability, can corroborate her statement. Yet we have all endured it in our time, and some will, no doubt, continue to do so. Nothing can save us from this infliction but the protection of a short and stringent Act of Parliament, by which it should be under pains and penalties—we would suggest a travel-talk-tax as at once convenient and remunerative—that any person returned from anywhere should venture to lay the burden of his information on other shoulders. Imagine the joy with which a witness of this law-breaking by Jones would run to report the breach to the local Inspector of Nuisances, perhaps gently insinuating that, as this was Jones's first offence, a caution would be sufficient this time.

Would not the problem we have stated be helped forward on its way to solution if public opinion accorded to such as are of riper years a larger personal liberty in the matter of mental "spaces"? Men and women wholly occupied now with the quasi-public rôle they fill would then reconquer for themselves the essential truth that, whether fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, or mere detached units, they are, after all, individuals with distinctive tastes and legitimate needs. Let society recognize the justice of these claims and continue to smile upon those of its members who, remembering this their birthright, are still wayward enough to desire to exercise its privileges.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Imperial Bank of Germany on Friday of last week raised its rate of discount from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. A few days previously the Bank of the Netherlands put up its rate to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; on Thursday it advanced it further to 4 per cent., and everywhere upon the Continent the tendency is for the value of money to rise rapidly. The action of the Imperial Bank of Germany was manifestly a reply to that of the Bank of England, whose rate of discount, it will be recollected, had been raised on two successive Thursdays from $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 4 per cent. If the Governor of the Imperial Bank of Germany can prevent it, he is clearly determined not to allow the Bank of England to make good its losses of gold by withdrawing from Berlin. The Imperial Bank of Germany holds about 30 millions sterling in gold. It is a good deal more than is held by the Bank of England, and at first sight it would seem as if the Imperial Bank could afford to part with a few millions so as to prevent any trouble in our own money market and to contribute to the relief of the New York market. But it is to be borne in mind that the Imperial Bank of Germany holds a large part of the Government's war treasure. There is a special war treasure in the fortress of Spandau of 6 millions sterling, but that would go a very short way were war to break out. The real war treasure is held by the Imperial Bank of Germany, and the Bank authorities, as well as the Government, are, therefore, exceedingly unwilling to allow the stock of gold now held to be trenced upon. Besides, the long drought has injured the German crops, so that Germany will have to import an exceptionally large quantity of grain in the coming twelve months; and owing to the tariff war with Russia prices will probably be higher than they otherwise would be. It is reasonably certain that to get the grain Germany will have to pay large amounts of gold by-and-bye. That is another strong reason why the Bank should try to prevent withdrawals of the metal just now. The State banks of the smaller countries will naturally follow the example of the Imperial Bank of Germany. The gold which the Russian Government has locked up cannot be touched; it is a war treasure pure and simple. As there is no coin in circulation in Russia, and the Bank will not pay in gold, the stock is as much out of the reach of other countries as if it were still in the mines. The same practically is true of Austria-Hungary. The Government and the Austro-Hungarian Bank have been wonderfully successful during the past couple of years in accumulating gold; but, as specie payments have not yet been resumed,

they are able to prevent anybody from taking any portion of what they have got together. Practically, then, the only sources of supply in Europe upon which the Bank of England can draw for large amounts are the Imperial Bank of Germany and the Bank of France. We have seen, from its action at the end of last week, that the Imperial Bank of Germany will do its utmost to prevent a drain from itself, and we may be very sure that the Bank of France will be equally determined not to allow much of its stock to be taken away. The Bank of France holds an enormous amount of gold—about 68 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling—considerably more than twice what is held by the Bank of Germany, and approaching to three times as much as is held by the Bank of England. But the Bank of France does not think that it has a single ounce of the metal too much; quite the contrary. The Bank of France holds the whole of the French war treasure. If war were to break out, the Government would immediately draw upon the Bank for the means of beginning operations. Besides, the Bank of France holds over 51 millions sterling in silver. The silver is rated by the law of France at very nearly twice its real value, and it passes at its nominal worth in France on the credit simply of the Government and the Bank of France. Hitherto the task of so keeping it has not proved as difficult as might reasonably have been expected; but now that the Indian Government has stopped the coinage of silver, and that the American Congress is expected to repeal the Sherman Act, it will be a far less easy undertaking. It is hard to believe, indeed, that France can permanently succeed. But if she does succeed, it is evident that the Bank of France will have to keep so large a stock of gold that every one will feel that the Bank is perfectly safe whatever becomes of the silver. Were gold to drain away rapidly, apprehension might arise, as it has arisen in the United States, and we might have a currency crisis in France also. The Bank of France, however, does not require to raise its rate of discount in order to prevent gold withdrawals. It has the legal power to refuse gold to its customers, and it is exercising the power without hesitation. If the gold shipments to New York cease, there may be a return of quiet to the European money markets, and the Bank of France may be able to ward off all attacks upon its reserve. But if the gold shipments to New York continue upon a large scale, then it is clear that the rates of interest and discount will rise rapidly all over Europe.

In spite of the growing dearth of money upon the Continent, referred to above, rates of interest and discount have fallen away in London this week. The rate of discount in the open market is barely $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and short loans are freely made at from 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This is mainly due to the stoppage for the time being of the American withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England. The gold that has been sent out has not improved the situation. Hoarding continues on as great a scale as ever, the banks are completely locked up, currency of all kinds is at a premium, and the run upon the banks and the savings banks has not stopped. Therefore gold is as much needed as ever. But the United States is still indebted to Europe, and it consequently cannot continue to take the metal unless it can obtain loans in London. It is notorious that the New York savings banks, and several of the great American railroad Companies, are trying to borrow here; but hitherto they have not met with much success. It is possible, of course, that the fall in rates may enable them to get the money. Bankers last week were unwilling to lend, for they expected the Bank of England rate this week to go to 5 per cent., and they thought it probable that before very long we might have a 6 per cent. rate. But now that money is growing cheaper, it is possible that they may be willing to give the accommodation. If they do, gold will be withdrawn from the Bank in large amounts, and rates will rush up rapidly once more.

The City was surprised on Wednesday by a complete change in the action of the India Council. Since the Indian mints were closed the Council has been insisting upon $1s. 3\frac{1}{4}d.$ per rupee for its drafts. So determined did it seem to be upon this point that for six weeks in succession it disposed of only 10,000 rupees. To the surprise of everybody, however, on Wednesday of this week it allotted 12 lakhs at $1s. 3\frac{1}{4}d.$ per rupee. It offered for tender 40 lakhs, and the surprise is all the greater, therefore, that it should have allotted at so low a price for little more than a fourth of the amount offered for tender. All sorts of absurd

rumours have been set afloat in consequence. But of course it is by no means certain that the attempt of the Indian Government to raise the rupee to 1s. 4d. has failed. By-and-bye the exports from India will increase. Doubtless the Council will then attempt to get a better price, and not improbably it may succeed, for a while at all events. The silver market has been quiet this week, the price being about 33½d. per ounce.

The stock markets have been stagnant all through the week. The Fortnightly Settlement began on Monday. At first the banks asked 4½ per cent.; but quickly the rate fell to 4, and before the day was out 4 per cent. was accepted. The speculative account open for the rise was exceedingly small, the demand for loans consequently was very slight, and in many cases brokers paid off loans that had previously been made by the banks. There is a considerable account open for the fall, too, which tends to lower the rates of interest. The market here in consequence is in a much safer condition than it has been for many months past; but naturally operators are afraid to increase their risks. They are disappointed to find that the gold sent to New York has not in any way improved the situation. Distrust is as widespread as ever, and the banks are as completely paralysed. Furthermore, Receivers have been appointed over the Northern Pacific Railroad. That has been expected for a considerable time past. The prices of the Company's securities have been falling ruinously, and, in spite of denials from the officials, everybody was prepared for what has occurred. The Company has a large floating debt, and in the present state of things it was naturally unable to renew the loans. Indeed, when such Companies as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania have to come to London to borrow, it is obvious that no one would be prepared to lend to an embarrassed Company like the Northern Pacific. It seems probable that several other Companies will have to apply for Receivers. The market is also disappointed by the action of Congress. Speculators jumped to the conclusion that, when President Cleveland made up his mind to call Congress together, he had ascertained that there would be a majority in both Houses for the repeal of the Sherman Act. Now it is considered doubtful whether the repeal can pass even the House of Representatives, and the general opinion is that there is a majority against repeal in the Senate. In Argentina martial law has been proclaimed. The late Cabinet, which was in sympathy with the Radicals, has resigned. The new Cabinet seems inclined to act vigorously against the Radicals. What will be the outcome is as yet uncertain; probably President Saenz-Peña will have to resign. He has proved himself quite unequal to deal with the difficulties of his position. The Vice-President, who will naturally succeed him, is believed to be in close alliance with General Roca; and, as the General is more dreaded and disliked than any other individual by the Radicals, it is feared that the prospect of his controlling the Government may lead to civil war. The Continental Bourses are weak, especially in Berlin. Losses have been heavy, and a slow liquidation seems inevitable.

There have not been many changes of importance upon the Stock Exchange this week; it has been stagnant rather than declining. The most notable exception is Rupee-paper, which has had a heavy fall in consequence of the decision of the India Council to accept a lower price for its drafts than it had so long held out for. Rupee-paper closed on Thursday at 65½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3½. On the other hand, there has been a rise generally in silver securities on the absurd notion that, after six or seven weeks' trial, the Indian Government was about to give up its new policy. Mexican Government Six per Cents closed at 55½, a rise of 3; Mexican Railway Ordinary stock closed at 14, a rise of 1½; the Second Preference stock closed at 41, a rise of 1; and the First Preference stock closed at 63, a rise of as much as 4. Mexican Central Four per Cents closed at 48½, a rise of 1. In the Home Railway department the changes have not been specially worthy of note, but Brighton "A" closed on Thursday at 150½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. In the American market prices are somewhat higher than they were a week ago. Lake Shore closed on Thursday at 117½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; and New York Central closed at 101½, a rise of 1½; while Erie Second Mortgage

bonds closed at 67½, a rise of 2. The most notable exception is Northern Pacific Preference shares, which on the Receivership have fallen 3½, having closed on Thursday at 18. On Wednesday the fall was decidedly greater; but on Thursday there was a recovery of 1½. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed on Thursday at 51-3, a rise of 3 compared with the preceding Thursday; Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 101-2, a rise of 1; and the Government Six per Cent. Funding Loan closed at 62½, a rise of 1½. In the inter-Bourse department Italian closed at 85, a fall of ½; and German Three per Cents closed at 84½, a fall of 1.

IN THE BOULONNAIS.

A NAVIGABLE river is notoriously no natural boundary for nations. When Alsace was called Alsace Germans lived in it, as they did upon the opposite shore of the Rhine. An arm of the sea may equally be a connexion rather than a barrier. The sea-sick tourist regards these things differently, it is true; but historically, just as the kingdom of the Danes was for long upon both sides of the Sound, so the Gaul has been in Britain and the Englishman in France. For many centuries of history the Channel was a connecting link rather than a division between the people on the two sides of it. Before Caesar's day the Belgæ were in Kent and all South-East Britain. His invasions were both suggested and facilitated by the interdependence of the kindred tribes. The easy collapse of South-East Britain before the Emperor Claudius points to the influence of commercial intercourse which prepared the way for political union. The Romans later, when they erected the jurisdiction of the Count of the Saxon Shore, put both shores of the Channel under the same control. When this and all other devices for keeping the barbarians at arm's length had failed, the Low German settlers—English we had better say—conquered and settled along both the British and the Gallic coast. In the former case, striking at the vital point of communication between Britain and the Roman world, they made the abandoned province into England; in the latter case the mass of the Roman world beyond was able to absorb the fringe of barbarians into itself. Still, however, the English traveller who does not use Calais and Boulogne as mere stepping-stones on the road to Paris may feel a touch of home interest in a country which was once largely peopled by Englishmen, and long after ruled by English kings. The village names are often English under a strange disguise of French pronunciation. Wissant is the undoubted *Portus Itius*, the scene of Caesar's embarkation upon at least his second voyage. William of Poitiers describes how the Etheling Alfred embarked in A.D. 1036 at the *Portus Icius*, William of Jumièges how he embarked at the *Portus Wissanti*. To *Trior* is the port under the shelter of the Itian promontory, Cape Grisnez. But Wissant is not the same name as Itius. Wissant is white sand. Anyone who looks down upon the bay, and upon the now dry bed of the harbour behind the sand hills, and sees the white sand gleaming in the sun for two miles of shore, will acknowledge the aptness of the name. In Sangatte we have Sandgate over again. Warwick, Ham, Massingham, Manningham, Warham, Toddington, are only slightly veiled under Werwick, Hamme, Masinghen, Maninghen, Werham, Todinethun. The river Slack deserves its name in English.

The Scandinavian invaders, coasting round from Denmark, afflicted both shores of the Channel simultaneously. Cwantawic, the flourishing port upon the Canche, the chief trading town upon the coast, was sacked by the Danes A.D. 842, and never recovered its prosperity. The attacks upon Southern England used every river mouth from the Rhine to the Seine as a base, till the consolidation of the States on either side of the sea put a check upon Viking expeditions. The policy of Edward the Confessor was to bind the shores of the Channel together again. The coasts on the southern side of the Straits of Dover were in the hands of the husband of his half-sister, Eustace of Boulogne; with him and with his Norman kinsmen, the English king kept up close alliance, granting the manors which contained Hastings, Winchelsea, and Rye, to the Norman Abbey which dominated the port of Fécamp. The Channel was an Anglo-Norman bridge upon Baldwin of Flanders and his northern friends. If this policy facilitated the Norman Conquest of England, it is only fair to add that it may have hindered Scandinavian conquest, which was worse. That

the dynasty of the House of Godwine could have endured for long, everybody cannot believe. For 140 years, with intervals under William II., Henry I., and Stephen, the Channel was a link between the two halves of the territory of the same monarch and of the estates of the same barons. When Normandy was separated from the English crown, it became a point of real importance with English kings to recover some hold upon the coast opposite to them. The heritage of Ponthieu was a real windfall to the English kings, and the acquisition of Calais not only meant destroying a nest of pirates, but securing the command of the Straits, when, if southerly or south-westerly winds kept the Cinque Ports fleets in harbour, ships could freely leave Calais. The original Low German element in the population was of course quite lost. It was only by the wholesale expulsion of French and importation of English that Calais could become an English town. But as a means of defence of the English shores, and of English trade, these foreign possessions were invaluable. The same feeling of their importance appears in the acquisition and brief tenure of Boulogne under Henry VIII., in the acquisition of Dunkirk by Cromwell, in the outcry over its sale, in the care to insert provisions for its destruction as a military port in the Treaty of Utrecht and subsequently. Long before that time the flow of population had set in again across the Straits from the Continent. The decay of Rye was arrested by the coming of French religious refugees, and the smuggling trade across the Channel sprang up through their intercourse with their kinsfolk upon the French side.

The forces of nature, however, were at work to make the retention of harbours upon the French side of less vital importance to English defence, and were weakening the means of French offence as well. The eastward drift of sand and shingle, carried by the south-west wind and the flood-tide along the Channel shores, had slowly destroyed the English harbours, and diminished the importance of the Cinque Ports' navy. As early as the reign of Henry V. the larger war-vessels which he built for a Royal navy could not use the harbour of Winchelsea and made their headquarters at Southampton. Fortunately the same cause was ruining the harbours opposite as military ports. Wissant is no longer a port. Ambleteuse, still kept up as a fortified town when James II. landed there on his flight in 1688, is now a village with no harbour. The harbour of Wimereux is not, the mouths of the Canche and the Authie are useless for large vessels, the once dreaded Dunkirk can hardly be a menace to England again, the harbour of Boulogne would not hold a modern battle-ship. Only at Calais are docks in course of construction which demand the completion of a harbour at Dover opposite to them; but Nature has decreed that the bases of the naval warfare of the future shall not be found in either the Cinque Ports or in the ports of the Boulonnais and the neighbourhood. The country is the scene of past rather than future history. With little natural beauty to recommend it, except perhaps where the red roofs of Wissant nestle among the trees under Cape Blanc Nez and look across the waste of white sand to the cliffs of Grisnez, the whole coast from Boulogne to Calais is worth seeing by an Englishman. The home once of an English race, the starting-point for invasions of Britain and England, the first line of defence against such invasions, the scene of English conquests and losses, it appeals to the historic sense which is so deplorably not cultivated by much travel at home and abroad. One class of remains still exists of the greatest interest to us. If these harbours could no longer float ships of war in Napoleon's day, they could float boats and rafts. In every little port—sometimes still full at high water, sometimes now permanently dry, we may see the relics of wooden piers and landing-stages whence the Army of England were to embark on their grand adventure, if once Villeneuve had raised the blockade and drawn the imprisoned squadrons of France and Spain into one fleet commanding the Channel. The wooden piles rotting in the sand are a memorial of what the supremacy at sea once meant for us, and of what it may mean again.

ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA.

ANOTHER of the contests, known as "representative" matches, between England and Australia was played on the first three days of this week, and showed in a marked degree that class will always tell when anything like

equality in conditions exists, England winning decisively by an innings and 43 runs. The manner in which these particular games sustain their interest among the general public is a little remarkable. May be the average cricket crowd contains a strong element of that order of beings who are always on the look out for something of the unexpected to turn up. But while the unexpected happens more often at cricket than at any other game, the Colonial who laid the flattering unction to his soul that this Australian team could beat the flower of English cricket on a fast hard pitch must have been something of a sanguine person. No one will deny the possession by the Australians of plenty of courage and fair abilities; but an analysis of the capacity of the Elevens that played for the Old Country and Australia in this latest match shows a balance of skill overwhelming in its nature for England. The genius of cricket was with England; there was a praiseworthy merit of acquired ability with the Australians. "W. G.," Mr. Stoddart, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Mr. W. W. Read, the Cambridge Captain, Mr. McGregor, Briggs, and Lockwood are all pretty good names to conjure with.

After fielding for a day and a quarter, the Colonials managed to get our men out for 483, an innings in which the feature was the 103 by Mr. F. S. Jackson. Mr. Jackson was a fine school-boy cricketer at Harrow (we forget whether Clarke the coach had left the school in those days, and whether the young idea was leaning entirely on Lord Bessborough, the Walkers, and the masters to be instilled with method and skill), and some curious stories are told how Mr. W. L. Jackson promised his son a sovereign a run against Eton at Lord's. Under such conditions it must have been an expensive time for the father. At Cambridge Mr. F. S. Jackson went on improving, while his services for his county have also been great. And now, after a wonderful innings on a false pitch at Lord's, Mr. Jackson has achieved the high distinction of making his hundred for England v. Australia. The aggregate of 483 was the record score of England in such matches. Australia's first innings broke down before the "break backs" from Lockwood and the dexterity of Briggs's slows; the Lancashire professional bowling with a wonderful pitch and break, and showing great shrewdness in watching the little weaknesses of batsmen. Less than two hours found the Australians out a first time for 91 on a fast and true wicket. Their second spell brought to light more capacity in batting. There was something akin to the courage of despair in the way they set about their last innings. The patient and cautious Mr. Bannerman opened his shoulders and quite startled people with his freedom of play. "Stone-walling" is the cricket phrase for this batsman's usual mode of defence; nor is such a title inappropriate for a man who can carry his bat through an innings for seven runs, as he did at Canterbury. Messrs. Bruce, Trott, Graham, and Giffen all did so well that a prospect of less than an innings defeat appeared. But this fine Australian gallop had spent itself when Mr. Lyons, after some huge hits, was caught by "W. G." at mid-off—a remarkable catch—and the game ended before luncheon on the third day. By this vigorous and plucky second innings, which produced a score of 349, the Australian team reinstated itself in the good books of the public, who cheered them heartily at the finish. The crowd loves a fine hitter, and in Mr. Lyons it has a man after its own heart. On Wednesday morning he made some wonderful strokes, and, without any apparent exertion beyond what came in the forearm, he lifted the ball from such a fast bowler as is Lockwood, first on to the top of the Oval pavilion, and then over the stand. The present Australian side may be rated with some of our leading shires; but were they to prove successful against the pick of England it could never, except by a gross exaggeration, be said that the best side had won.

THE PATENT DOUBLE-ACTION VICEROY.

IT was an Irish Viceroy bold,
And he sat in his Castle fair,
With a frown on his brow and a clutch on his pow
Of disgracefully rumped hair.

"Come hither, come hither, my Secretaree,
Come hither, and help extract
Some fragment of sense from this rigmarole dense
Of an Irish Government Act."

Then together they studied the Statute Book,
And they read till their eyes grew dim;
But the Secretaree said nought to the V.,
And the V. said nothing to him.

And the Scribe and the Lord o'er the pages pored,
The tane beside of the 'tother;
And whenever the V. dropped a big big D.
The Secretaree said "Bother!"

They read till the evening star came forth
The vedette of the heavenly camp,
And the Viceroy's man, as per usual plan,
Came in with a Duplex lamp.

Then the Viceroy looked at the Secretaree,
But the Secretaree sat mum;
And the Viceroy said "Are we gone in the head?"
And the Secretaree said "Hum!"

"O tell me, O tell me, my Secretaree,
O answer and tell me true,
Is there only one of my mother's son,
Or am I not one but two?"

Said the Secretaree "So far as I see,
You are two, and again you are one;
You are one I allow at the start of a row,
But two when the row's begun."

Said the Viceroy "True: it agrees with my view,
But here is the devilish hitch:
When the row has begun I must act like one,
And, hang me, if I know which!"

"I must act, you will own, in the name of the Crown";
Said the Secretaree "That's so!"
"But I must not despise what my Council advise";
Said the Secretaree "No, no!"

"In the name of the Crown, I should say 'Shoot
down!'"
Said the Secretaree "Why not?"
"But what, next day, would my Council say?"
Said the Secretaree "Ah, what?"

"They would take no denial of the homicide's trial";
Said the Secretaree "Not they!"
"And the jury they'd pack would convict in a crack";
Said the Secretaree "Dare say."

"I could 'pardon him out,' I haven't a doubt";
Said the Secretaree "You could."
"But that Council of mine would at once resign";
Said the Secretaree "They would."

Then at last said the V. to the Secretaree,
"Your wisdom I'll never forget.
For your counsels sage [he went on in a rage]
I'm eternally in your debt."

Then the Secretaree, with a smile at the V.,
Said "I hope my advice is right.
Time only can show. No thanks! No, no!
I'll wish you, my Lord, good-night."

REVIEWS.

THE SECRET COMMONWEALTH OF ELVES, FAUNS, AND FAIRIES.*

NO volume of the *Bibliothèque de Carabas* (but why not "Puss in Boots," simply and vernacularly?) appears to us to approach this volume in desert. They have always been pretty books, and they have generally been prettily introduced, com-

* *The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies.* By Robert Kirk. Edited by Andrew Lang. London: Nutt. 1893.

mented, tricked, frounced, and trimmed. But for the stuff and substance, we could sometimes have done without them. Having Catullus, Mr. Grant Allen is but facultative; and though "B. R." was a good man, Herodotus, he by himself he, is a better. No such nasty comment can be made on the present issue. We admit with equal frankness that we have always wished to read Kirk, and that we have never read him. Of course everybody knows who Kirk was; but as it is just possible that a few persons may have forgotten, we will tell them. He was minister of no less a place than Aberfoyle, as had been his father; he was a member of the Universities both of Edinburgh and St. Andrews; he was married twice, each time to a Campbell; he seems to have had sufficient scholarship in divers tongues; he wrote this *Secret Commonwealth*, and then, just over two hundred years ago, he died in his vocation, as few have done. Sitting on a fairy hill, he either swooned or died, and, at any rate, was buried; but, of course, no reasonable person doubts that he was carried off to fairyland. The vision which established this, with the fatal and unsportsmanlike "funk" which prevented the proper means from being taken for his repatriation here above, may be read in Mr. Lang, and also in Sir Walter. Mr. Lang, by the way, in a pleasing preliminary poem to Mr. Stevenson, hints that if he knew of a fairy hill he is capable of seeking it deliberately. Perhaps most of us are; but Mr. Lang should remember that uncomfortable process of unnatural selection from which Thomas the Rhymer was preserved. It is not *all* beer and skittles even in Fairyland. And do they read fairy tales there? From the pronouncements of the Rev. Robert Kirk, who speaks with singular authority, we rather doubt it. And it would not be *tanti* to live anywhere where there are no fairy tales. For the fairies that we saw and felt would be but temporal; the fairies that we read of and long for are eternal.

This, however, is a digression. Mr. Lang has prefixed and affixed an introduction and notes, in which he has not wasted his work or his oil. He breaks courteous lances with the Psychical Research Society, and with his brother folklorists; for these persons are like those bewildering knights in Spenser who did nothing but engage each other in perpetually changed partnerships of duels. To tell the truth, their quarrels "embeast us a little," though very much less when Mr. Lang is the challenger than at other times. For it is pretty to see him hold the lists, and the researchers thump the plain right merrily.

But the Reverend Robert Kirk embeasts us not. His book is a very little one, but it is as full of idiosyncrasy at once and of the spirit of his time as the New Humour is empty of fun. It could hardly have been written in any other country than Scotland, or in any other century than the seventeenth. Writing elsewhere, its author would have lacked the abundance and variety of circumambient belief which make his treatment as prevailing, as undoubting, as that of Fairfax himself. Writing elsewhere, he could hardly have conveyed such quaintness and savour. Mr. Kirk does not argue about his subject; it is much if he now and then condescends to applications and explanations tending, as his sub-title has it, to suppress the impudent and growing Atheism of this age. He expounds and sets forth, rather modestly than otherwise, but with perfect confidence, as if what he tells were either *choses vues* or else truths ascertained by scientific demonstration, and universally admitted by experts, though too frequently ignored by the vulgar. The siths or fairies, he tells us, are of intelligent studious spirits and light changeable bodies which, it may also be useful to know, are best seen in twilight. Some have bodies or "vehicles" (*cf.* Tucker's *Light of Nature*) so "spongy, thin and defecat," that they can only feed on spirituous liquors. Others can eat corn and bread; none, apparently, are carnivorous. They used to labour; but now we do labour for that abstruse people as well as for ourselves. They change their lodgings every quarter—this is a trait which we do not remember elsewhere—with bag and baggage; and at these periods persons gifted with second sight have very edifying encounters with them. For it would appear that the process of moving house, which is exceedingly trying to the human temper, is not soothing to that of spirits. They have tribes, children, nurses, marriages, deaths, and burials; indeed, some time after Kirk, Christopher North, as is well known, saw one of these latter. As almost all the particulars communicated by the Reverend Robert rest upon the testimony of men of the second sight, it was but reasonable that he should communicate also the means of acquiring this questionable gift. He does so, and the following are the recipes for becoming, in the language of Mrs. Toots, either a Temporary or a Permanency in deuterocopy.

'There be odd Solemnities at investing a Man with the Privileges of the whole Mistery of this Second Sight. He must run a Tedder of Hair (which bound a Corps to the

Bier) in a Helix [?] about his Midle, from End to End; then bow his Head downwards, as did Elijah, 1 Kings, 18. 42. and look back thorough his Legs untill he sie a Funerall advance till the People cross two Marches; or look thus back thorough a Hole where was a Knot of Fir. But if the Wind change Points while the Hair Tedder is ty'd about him, he is in Peril of his Life. The usewall Method for a curious Person to get a transient Sight of this otherwise invisible Crew of Subterraneans, (if impotently and over rashly sought,) is to put his [left Foot under the Wizard's right] Foot, and the Seer's Hand is put on the Inquirer's Head, who is to look over the Wizard's right Shoulder, (which hes an ill Appearance, as if by this Ceremony ane implicit Surrender were made of all betwixt the Wizard's Foot and his Hand, ere the Person can be admitted a privado to the Airt;) then will he see a Multitude of Wight's, like furious hardie Men, flocking to him haistily from all Quarters as thick as Atoms in the Air; which are no Nonentities or Phantasms, Creatures proceeding from ane affrighted Apprehensione, confused or crazed Sense, but Realities, appearing to a stable Man in his awaking Sense, and enduring a rationall Tryall of their Being.'

The privileges thus acquired will enable you to see not only their own private way of life, but their uninvited participation in mortal festivities and ceremonies, and more particularly to distinguish "doublemen" or "co-walkers," a very kittle sort of cattle, as is well known. In their own houses these subterraneans eat but little; but their food is exactly clean, and served up by pleasant children like enchanted puppets. The houses themselves are large and fair; and the apparel and speech of the inhabitants are like that of the people and country under which they live. Also they (and indeed the very devils) answer in the language of the place; which, we may observe in passing, shows that the old theory of the inhabitants of Southern Europe and Eastern Asia, that Englishmen are devils, is incorrect. For nothing is so hard as to get an Englishman to answer in the language of the place or speak in it. Their men fight, and are said, though they live much longer than we, to die; but it is a comfort to hear that they have aristocraticall rules and laws. With all their "aping and presaging the dismal actions of some amongst us," they have not (or had not in Kirk's time) come to democracy. Though rather mischievous, they do not do all the harm which appearingly they have power to do, and they have many pleasant toyish books which cause in them paroxysms of antic corybantic jollity. These vary the continual sadness which otherwise characterizes them.

After some details about fairy hills, of which the writer was before long to have such formidable experience, he returns to the morals of the subterraneans, merely glancing at "the inconvenience of their succubi who tryst with men," and freeing them from the charges of swearing and intemperance, only to lay upon them the perhaps heavier accusations of Envy, Spite, Lieing, Hypocrisy, and Dissimulation. The directions quoted above for acquiring second sight are followed by a sort of Natural History of Seers in little. From the anecdotes here given, it would appear that it is by no means wholly advantageous to be a seer, or indeed even to know one—which also has been observed of other ancients.

This remarkable treatise comes to a very sudden end, or at least interruption, in order that a letter of My Lord Tarbutt to the Honourable Robert Boyle may be inserted, and then Kirk himself returns to his muttons, beginning almost for the first time to argue for and about them. It is pointed out to us that the Manucodiata, or bird of Paradise, lives in the highest region of the air; wherefore, then, not fairies in the middle cavities of the earth? Divers speculations on the possible probable virtues of seventh daughters and seventh sons follow; and finally, a sort of catechism of question and answer, dealing with the Reality and Lawfulness of this speculation, winds it up.

But these latter parts are, at least to us, by far the least interesting portion of the book, and we could almost wish, though they have their own attraction, that they were away. For the curious reasoning, half shrewd, half crazy, which they display, the utter absence of what is now called the scientific spirit, the heaping together of bad, good, and indifferent arguments, attractive as they are, are common enough. What is not common is that "prevailing and undoubting" tone, as we have called it, in the earlier part. There is something like it in Burton, whom Kirk had most probably read, but the absence of Burton's apparatus of citations, and of his occasional asides and interjections of scepticism and criticism, makes an important difference. One feels that, however Kirk might think it necessary later to bolster up his dogmatic exposition with authority and analogy and argument, he, like a predestined victim of the *Davine Shie*, as he was, had not the slightest doubt about the matter. These things might be uncertain in this detail or in that, just as there

might be details lacking to a perfect knowledge of the folk and fashions of either Indies. But the existence of the one was not much more rationally questionable than that of the others.

My Lord Macaulay, the climax of whose benevolently contemptuous antitheses on the peculiar mixture of credulity and shrewdness in Johnson, was that he was "willing to believe in the second sight," would not have thought much of Kirk. And we think it extremely probable that he would not have been willing to believe that the fairies carried Kirk away. My Lord Macaulay was a clever man, and some easement in the way of incredulity must be granted to a person who was willing to believe in the unselfishness and chivalric virtue of William III. Nobody can be expected to believe everything. But two things may safely be said of the minister of Aberfoyle. The first is, that it is quite impossible to prove that he was *not* carried off by the fairies; and the second is, that if it had been possible for him to handle his own case in his own treatise he would have had no doubt whatever that this was his actual fate.

NOVELS.*

MR. HENRY CRESSWELL has an ingenious way of inventing plots which, if baldly and rapidly stated, would appear to be of the most conventional kind, yet which, thanks to the brightness with which they are treated and the clever deftness with which they are evolved, make entertaining and interesting novels. For instance, in *Disinherited* we find the well-worn thread of the heir to property travelling abroad meeting with an accident which deprives him for a time of memory and sense of identity, and returning after the lapse of years to find other owners in possession of his goods. Geoffrey Challoner, however, unlike the ordinary "claimant," or, indeed, the ordinary human being, is so unselfish that, in the belief that his step-mother and half-sister are happy in their position as owners of Strayfleet, he is on the point of vanishing without having appeared, and returning to his peasant home in Roumania. He is prevented by a girl who in a clever scene discovers who he is. Blanche Hargrave is one of the best and brightest girls who have lately appeared in English fiction. She is cleverly contrasted with Julie Challoner, who carries submission to a fault, yet who cannot yield where she thinks honour is concerned. This is merely an outline of a very clever story, full of humour and observant wit. One of the peculiar features of the argument is that the mystery of the accident which befell Geoffrey Challoner in Bucharest is never cleared up. He went to the theatre with three friends, presumably gentlemen, and men of position; remembers every incident of the evening up to a certain scene in the play; is found, no one knows how long afterwards, half murdered under some trees, possessing no longer memory or knowledge of things, people, or himself. Years elapse, and gradually, with brain recovery, comes back recollection of events previous to the incident; but we never have any explanation of the case, nor does Geoffrey ever know how it happened. This is very much how the thing might have occurred in real life, and if Mr. Cresswell meant it, it is clever and original, for the ordinary plot composer spares his reader no detail. If he did not intend, and only forgot all about it, it signifies not at all, for the effect in the story is just as good.

Mr. John Pennington Marsden, the writer of *The Personal History of Jim Duncan*, says that, "If the first pages of this history suggest a young and inexperienced mind struggling against its own limitations for expression, and through experience and suffering gradually acquiring something of this power, then I have measurably achieved my object, and must rest content." It is to be hoped that Mr. Marsden does rest content; for a mind more wanting in experience, as applied to the composition of a novel, or more lacking the literary faculty usually considered needful thereto, than is displayed in these volumes we do not remember to have met. Further on, in the third volume, the author seems to have passed from the dubious to the assured attitude towards his work. "I saw some of my writings afterwards in print, and they fascinated even me who had written them!" That is, indeed, a most fortunate circumstance, for it

* *Disinherited*. By Henry Cresswell. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1893.

The Personal History of Jim Duncan: a Chronicle of Small Beer. By John Pennington Marsden. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1893.

Utterly Mistaken. By Annie Thomas. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1893.

A Living Statue. By Giulia Majeroni. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

A Gem of Cremona. By B. M. Vere. And *A Chef d'Œuvre*. By E. Blair-Oliphant. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

is not probable that the personal history of Mr. Duncan will fascinate any one else. It is the record of the life of an American man of business, written in the most prosaic style, with all the flat commonplace of the merest newspaper paragraph-writer, and without the simple detail of reality which could have lent the interest of truth. Mr. Duncan was sometimes all but a millionaire and sometimes a prisoner for debt. It would seem from his descriptions that the worst features of this last punishment, long since abolished in this country, have only lately been modified in New York.

There are to-day novel readers old enough to remember the impression made by the appearance of the early stories by Miss Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), how full of promise they were, how fresh was their romance, what gaiety of spirit and humour they had. That is long ago now, and perhaps it is not fair to contrast that day with this, but it is sad to note the difference. In consequence, irrelevancy, carelessness, and, we are sorry to have to add, coarseness now mark every page. *Utterly Mistaken*, the latest of Miss Thomas's books we have seen, has indeed here and there a flash of the old spirit, but the recklessness of plan, neglect of consistency, incoherence of character-sketching, make the work as a whole valueless. It is so evident that the writer knows very little about the real purposes or natures of the people she is dealing with and cares less, that the reader asks himself why he should know or care more. The one paramount necessity, it would seem, is to dwell on the subject of love between the two sexes. The number of people to be written about is necessarily limited, so the plan of keeping this sentiment well to the fore is bolstered up by making them constantly fall in and out of love with each other. Finally, absolute indifference is felt as to whether Ella loves Guy St. Austle or his brother Sir Walter; whether "handsome Ted Greg" loves his wife or Miss May Meredith; whether Sir Walter loves Lady St. Austle, or Ella, or Mrs. Jones, or any one. Flirtation is a pleasant subject when pleasantly handled, but it should not be jumbled in this fashion. It is not like a Scotch haggis; it does not make "fine confused" reading.

Some personal matters have to be surmounted before we arrive at the actual story, *A Living Statue*. First there is the portrait of the author, Mme. Giulia Majeroni. Then there is a sad preface, telling of the writer's isolated position, bereavements by death and the loss of voice, which has been the cause of her enforced retirement from the stage. Then there is a little letter from Mme. Adelaide Ristori to the author, her "dearest niece," a kindly little puff preliminary, containing a rather patronizing allusion to the late "poor Majeroni," who, it would seem, was drilled for the stage by the great actress, and was not difficult to drill. The novel, it is explained, is taken from a drama—the property of Mme. Majeroni, in which her husband formerly played—"a most entrancing tale," which, however, had not the success with colonial audiences (the preface is dated from Bathurst) which it enjoyed in Italy, the land of romance. Perhaps it suffered from translation into English, and this could be well understood if the task were undertaken by the same hand which has transferred the plot from the play into the pages of this novel. English "as she wrote" by Mme. Majeroni is not elegant nor at all times lucid. "The Santa Rosas were too old a family to allow their inherent sense of good taste to betray them into those absurdities which characterize the men of yesterday." The Count Paolo of Santa Rosa "seldom mixed with any one," which may, perhaps, account for his very morbid and eccentric behaviour. Being boundlessly rich, he allowed a young girl he became attached to and intended to marry to die of poverty and hardships, and afterwards squandered thousands on her sister, who resembled her, for the privilege of coming twice a day to look at her. The sister falls in love with the Count in genuinely melodramatic style, but Paolo is obdurate. "I do not like you at all," he says, "I am in love with your dead sister. I only come to look at you." At last he is ill, or something, and he gives it up. "Claim me as your own; I will not resist you any longer," and Noemi claims him as her own.

Two short stories—*A Gem of Cremona* and *A Chef-d'Œuvre*—both most musical, most melancholy, are bound together to form the fifty-fourth volume of "Arrowsmith's Bristol Library." In the first the mistake is made of selecting incidents of too tragic a nature for such brief treatment. We are, however, introduced to some Irish peasants who drop their *As*—persons hitherto unknown to students of dialect. The second story is better, because less ambitious, dealing only with the disappointment in love of a crabbed German professor of music, and is not without a share of gentle pathos.

THE HORSE.

THIS is another of Captain Hayes's good books on the horse, and to say it is the best would not be going far out of the way of the truth. It is a luxurious book; well got up, well and clearly printed in large readable type, and profusely illustrated with seventy-seven reproductions of photographs, which are called plates, and 205 drawings, which have the usual "Fig." under them, exceedingly well executed for their purpose, with no superfluous efforts at literary effect. The photographs, some of which are of the most famous horses, are not flattering in appearance—photographs of horses never are flattering—but they no doubt truthfully show the "points." The frontispiece is a photograph of Ormonde, which Captain Hayes calls "the horse of the century" (p. 262), "the highest type of the racehorse" (p. 153), and may be taken as a fair specimen of the portrait of a horse taken by photograph.

The photographs are of living animals, and, besides their value as true portraits of horses of great fame, they faithfully show the points of these great horses, comparing them with inferior horses, as well as with other animals, the ass, zebra, black-buck, cheetah, rhinoceros, &c., which have qualities of a different order. The "make and shape" of a horse Captain Hayes calls his conformation, and he treats of all the details of his form in a manner sufficiently scientific and sufficiently popular for the use of every one. On general principles, animals of great strength have a long body and short legs, and those of high speed a short trunk and long extremities (p. 3); and he quotes Professor Marey's law, in his *Machine Animal*, which states that muscles of speed are long and slender, and those of strength are short and thick. In chapter iii. the external parts of a horse are well given in the drawing, fig. 1, which shows twenty points from the head to the foot, aided by seventeen letters, *a* to *g*, for instance, denoting the different parts of the head. The points are treated fully in detail, as they should be, and are well described. This is an ideal horse, not necessarily the beau ideal; but to have an ideal horse in one's mind, and to judge of a real horse accordingly, are two very different things, as most judges of horses know well enough. To talk about the points of a horse is easy, to see them in the flesh and rate them at their value in the living animal is to be that rare person, a good judge.

The two extremes in horses are the racehorse for speed, and the heavy draught-horse for strength; the racehorse, however, is the better for weight-carrying power and endurance, and the draught-horse is the better for good wind and a certain amount of activity. The staying power of a horse depends on his muscles both in size and quality, provided his lungs, heart, and general health are in a good state, which, as Captain Hayes says, are matters belonging to the veterinary department, though in his conformation there should be room for the full play of these organs.

The racehorse and the heavy draught-horse being the two extremes, there are the saddle-horse and the harness-horse for various purposes in the middle ranks, and Captain Hayes's treatise on the appropriate conformation is as complete as it can well be. He quotes the authority of French writers who have paid a great deal of attention to these matters, MM. Goubaux and Barrier's *L'Extérieur du Cheval*, for example. The body of the horse should be as short as possible compared to its depth (p. 186). The height of the horse should be the same at the croup as it is at the withers (p. 151). The chest should be deep, but not broad, for speed, and the shoulder-blade long and sloping. He says (p. 162):—

"Lecoq remarks, 'The length of the forearm varies inversely as that of the cannon-bone.' I think I may venture to extend this principle somewhat further in stating the following inverse proportions:—Shoulder-blade, long; humerus (from point of shoulder to elbow), short; forearm, long; cannon-bone, short; pastern, long. . . . I think we may assume that a similar series of inverse proportions should exist in the hind limb. Thus: pelvis, long; thigh, short; tibia (from stifle to hock), long; cannon-bone, short; pastern, long. . . . In the remainder of the body we might possibly also find a series of inverse proportions, as follows:—Head, short; neck, long; back and loins, short; croup, long; bones of the tail, short."

The importance of the long pastern to ease the effect of concussion to the foot and the whole limb in motion is enforced by Captain Hayes as well as by the French writers whom he quotes. There is an idea that long pasterns may be associated with weakness, which, if the pasterns are well formed, is as much a mistake with respect to the cart-horse as the racehorse. The quality of

* *The Points of the Horse: a Familiar Treatise on Equine Conformation.* By M. Horace Hayes, F.R.C.V.S. Illustrated chiefly by J. H. Oswald Brown. London: Thacker & Co.

muscle, tendon, ligament, and bone is duly considered, and dry and hard food is contrasted favourably with soft and wet food in that connexion.

At pp. 63 and 236 there is high praise accorded to the "straight dropped" hind leg, and to straight hocks, as compared to "sickle-hocks." If there is inability to straighten the hocks in action the fault may be acknowledged; but a horse with his hind legs well under him, enabling him to move with a good deal of hind-leg, or kangaroo, action, has surely been esteemed as a clever horse in a difficult country. A straight hind leg in a rough hilly country would be no great recommendation. The ability to get through deep ground may depend on the hind legs being well under a horse, where a straight hind leg would be almost as useless as a pair of stilts. Racing on the flat is of course a different thing altogether. The red deer is an animal that can go in any country, and he has both sickle-hocks and cow-hocks. It is not to be denied, however, that the plates 49 and 50 illustrate bad hocks, and plates 51 and 53 good hocks. At plate 9, also, we have well-shaped forelegs well illustrated. In plate 10 turned-out toes, and plate 11 turned-in-toes, all from photographs of living animals. With turned-out toes a horse can go, but is likely to brush; but with turned-in toes a horse cannot go, and is likely to bungle and fall.

At p. 232 we find—"The so-called horizontal croup is not alone a great beauty in the saddle-horse, but it is also a decided mark of speed. If the pelvis or croup (which in this case is practically the same thing) be too level (see p. 203), we may suspect that the back is weak." At p. 203 we read:—"That undue straightness of the upper line of the croup indicates weakness of the part." There seems to be rather a subtle distinction here between a straight croup and a horizontal croup. There have been good racehorses on the flat with horizontal croups, as straight behind the saddle as a short-horn ox; but the croup of Ormonde, according to his photograph, is by no means horizontal or straight, and a rise at the croup behind the saddle, which does not imply a fall at the tail amounting to *goose-rump*, has always been considered a mark of power and activity in the hind-quarters, sometimes called a jumping-back. The contour of the back may be a marked beauty in a horse, but we should not admire a straight horizontal line from the withers to the tail—in a hunter, for instance.

As to the vexed question of the bearing-rein, Captain Hayes says:—

"The bearing-rein is also, in many cases, necessary for the attainment of that "extravagant" action which is greatly sought for among fashionable carriage-horses; a fact which accounts for its retention in the stables of the rich, despite the adverse criticism that is being constantly directed against its use."

Captain Hayes is hard upon the painter's horse (chap. xxxiii.) "Horses have been treated by painters, and also by sculptors, in a very unhandsome way, and especially by English so-called artists, who continue to perpetuate the conventional or stencil-plate animal in a style long since forsaken by Continental draughtsmen." Is this altogether just of our artists of the present day? There are certainly animal painters frequenting the agricultural and horse shows who will paint a portrait of your horse, your bull, your sheep, or your pig, in a manner conventional with them, rendering the colour of the beast with considerable accuracy; we also remember the fat, round-barrelled hunters with red-coats on their backs of Sir Francis Grant's day; but surely there are artists now who can both paint and model a horse with all his points, as he is.

The table of contents, the illustrations, and a good index make this book very complete and business-like.

LEPROSY IN INDIA.*

THE life and death of Father Damien at Molokai in 1889 not unnaturally drew the attention of the public to the subject of leprosy. A Committee presided over by the Prince of Wales gave birth to an Executive Committee, and this latter body to a Special Committee, and then a formal Commission was sent out to India to inquire into and report on the extent to which leprosy prevailed in that country; its pathology, treatment, or possible cure. The number of these Committees and their different opinions are slightly perplexing, but the results are to be seen in a bulky Report of nearly five hundred pages, printed and published at Calcutta and amplified, after the orthodox fashion of Indian Blue-books, by tabular statements, maps, and appendices

* *Leprosy in India.* Report of the Leprosy Commission in India, 1890-91. Calcutta: printed by the Superintendent of Government Printing in India.

showing all that is known or can be predicted of a frightful disease. Leprosy has been endemic in most parts of India from the earliest times. In Sanskrit and its derivative, the Bengali dialect, it is known as "Māharoga" the "great disease." In Upper India it is called "Maha Korh" the great itch—or *rakt korh*, the bloody itch; or *korh*, simply. In Persian it is variously *Luri*, *Pes*, *Khura*, or *Sufedi*, the last term meaning the "white malady." The Indian Commissioners were five in number, including two well-known members of the Bengal Medical Service. One of them, Dr. Barclay, unfortunately died at Simla, but after he and his colleagues had travelled several thousand miles and had inquired into the cases of two thousand lepers; and, in fact, had collected nearly all the materials for their very full and interesting Report. During their progress they had access to every source of information; they visited prisons, asylums, and colonies of these unfortunate beings; they consulted local medical officers; and they carried out their instructions with that perseverance, fairness, and determination which invariably characterize the proceedings of Anglo-Indians, whether the subject matter be a famine, the consumption of opium, the incidence of the land tax, or the spread of any epidemic disease.

We can say at once that the value of the Report is not diminished by the obvious fact that several conclusions drawn by the Commission are purely negative. No Pasteur seems to have discovered the means of effecting a certain or a permanent cure. Some very worthy philanthropists have been under the impression that leprosy, like many other Asiatic evils, has been on the increase ever since the wicked English Government took over the government of India. The Report shows that the disease is endemic but stationary, and that there are even grounds for believing "in a gradual decrease at the present time." The Commissioners indite no startling paragraphs, use language of the most temperate kind, and commit themselves to nothing beyond fair and reasonable deductions. At the same time, these gentlemen, who never deviate into rash and hasty speculations, might have been less lavish of tabular statements. Maps which show that leprosy is more prevalent in Assam and in certain districts of Lower Bengal, such as Burdwan and Bankura, than it is in Upper India; tables which indicate that leprosy flourishes in a damp rather than in a dry climate; that it is common in Kemaon and Garhwal, and other hill ranges, are all very well. But we can hardly place much confidence in masses of figures which pretend to show the proportion of lepers in each ten thousand of the population in every province and district in India, or which determine the precise connexion between leprosy and particular castes, or which deal with the question of heredity and a family taint. The Commissioners themselves seem to be quite conscious of the perilous nature of statistics obtained from native enumerators, and of the dislike and suspicion with which the ordinary Hindu, even with the experience of a harmless Census repeated for the third time at an interval of ten years, receives inquiries about his health, his house and courtyard, and the sanitary condition of his great-grandfather. Some of the tables bear absurdity on their face; as, for instance, when the proportion of lepers in particular and adjacent districts in ten thousand of the community oscillates between two or three and thirty-eight or forty-seven. The Commissioners in gravely printing scores of such discrepancies can hardly have looked at each other without feeling like the typical Roman augur. We will venture to affirm that in scores of instances when they questioned a Hindu as to the cause and origin of the disease in his family, they must have received for answer that these afflictions were the consequences of evil deeds done in a former state of existence.

Apart from this necessary criticism, there is a great deal of good sound deduction in the Report. It has often been popularly said that fish-eating is a main cause of leprosy, and some scientific men hold the opinion that fish introduce the bacillus into the stomach, or stimulate it to activity when it already resides in the tissues. Against this theory, popular and scientific, there are the facts that no bacilli have been discovered in fish; that castes which never touch fish furnish their due contingents of lepers; and that the disease is not more rife in districts bordered by the sea and by large rivers than anywhere else. On the other hand, leprosy is common in hill tracts, where fish is a very rare article of food. Mr. C. Conybeare, who some time ago was apprehensive that leprosy was due to the high price of salt, will be much relieved to hear that, by statistics to which no exception can be taken on the ground of inaccuracy, the consumption of salt is shown to be twice as great as the increase of the population in twenty years; that the Ryot spends on salt about one penny a month for each of his family, and that if there has been any perceptible addition to the number of lepers, it has occurred in provinces where the price of salt has fallen. Other alleged causes are mentioned to be summarily and contemptuously dis-

missed. Water, opium, and mosquitoes have each in turn been made responsible. Now, the bacillus has never been found in water, though the Commissioners in vain analysed the water of a filthy tank in which crowds of lepers bathed. Premature marriages and the consumption of opium are not to blame, and if mosquitoes or flies could communicate the disease after they had sucked the blood of any lepers, Calcutta, where these little pests abound and murder sleep, should be a perfect Leper asylum. On the question of infection and contagion the Report affirms that, "though leprosy may be considered an infective disease, caused by a specific bacillus, and also to some extent a contagious disease," it is not actively or usually diffused in this way. Again, one might imagine that leprosy must be hereditary. This assertion, if not absolutely disproved, is by no means certain. Many lepers are sterile. There is no evidence that the marriage of lepers with lepers or with non-leperous women always diffuses the disease. The children of lepers are often short-lived, and, as far as returns can be depended on, there is never more on an average than a couple of children to each marriage of lepers.

It may, therefore, well be asked what keeps up or what can reduce this disease, or what does the Report allow us to conclude on these vital points? Leprosy, like a good many other evils, is evidently influenced by neglect of sanitation, deficient drainage, want of fresh air, bad food, and a low state of health caused by disregard of nature's laws or a failure in the essential requisites of a healthy existence. There is such a thing as a predisposition to leprosy in the individual or in the family, just as there is to cholera and diarrhoea. In certain areas natives die of these latter diseases on account of a general unhealthiness arising from the density of the population, their peculiar life and social habits, and climatic and meteorological conditions. Wealth and comfort are no guarantees for exemption. Leprosy has afflicted blue-blooded Rajas as it afflicted Naaman the Syrian. High caste is no safeguard. Famines do not explain or enable us to trace its origin and spread. On the contrary, in the great famine which desolated Southern India some fifteen years ago, leprosy seemed to have decreased in Bombay and Madras. The only reasonable conclusion, as the Commissioners observe, is that all causes which lower the health and vitality of the population, such as climate, poverty, damp, and overcrowding, predispose to leprosy, and end by developing the leprosy germs in some one victim.

As regards treatment the Report gives us little ground for hope. A leper, like other sick people, should have "pure air and nourishing food." He should use soap and water. Of all external applications and emulsions, an oil called *chaulmoogra* seems to be the most efficacious. Arsenic, used internally we suppose in moderate doses, may do some good. And a surgical remedy known as "nerve-stretching" has produced relief in fifty per cent. of cases, while excision of tubercles and amputation of limbs have saved life and enabled the patient to regain flesh and strength. But sores and ulcerations which have yielded for a time to these and other measures have a tendency to reappear. It may remain for some future Jenner to discover a remedy for ravages which, in the imperfect state of our knowledge, can, it is evident, be kindly treated but never radically cured.

The last section of the Report is occupied with some preventive measures. The Commissioners do not recommend the complete and compulsory segregation of lepers. In India this would be almost impossible and could not be justified. Here we entirely concur with the Report, and distrust the recommendations of the Special or Vigilance Committee in England which desires nothing less than strict isolation of lepers and their official control. Most certainly it would never do to hand over lepers to one of the new Municipalities of Lord Ripon's build and breed. But lepers, say the Indian Commissioners, should not be allowed to sell food or drinks, or to practise the trades of barbers and washermen. Leper asylums can be built or enlarged near populous cities, and leper colonies or farms might be established in suitable rural tracts. Altogether, the Report can be praised for its completeness and its avoidance of drastic and radical remedies. Perhaps the medical phraseology is occasionally somewhat obscure, as, for instance, when "rabbits" are said to be "more or less refractory to quarter evil," or when, by way of a "familiar example," we are told that perhaps "adenoid vegetations of the nasopharynx are becoming commoner in England." Still the bulk of the book is characterized by medical knowledge and common sense.

IRONWORK.*

THIS little handbook on the subject of wrought ironwork has the great advantage of being written by a man who is him-

* *Ironwork from the Earliest Times to the End of the Medieval Period.* By J. Starkie Gardner. Published for the Committee of Council on Education by Chapman & Hall.

self a highly skilled smith, and understands thoroughly the various technical processes and the difficulties of forged ironwork. In the first chapter Mr. Gardner gives an interesting account of the manufacture of iron from the ore, the methods employed in smelting it, and the gradual introduction of the use of cast iron, which in most places took place at quite a late period. In England, for example, though heavy fire-backs, usually decorated with heraldic designs, were largely made of cast iron at the old Sussex ironworks during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, yet it was not till the early part of the eighteenth century that cast iron began to be employed for more important purposes. "The oldest really important work existing," Mr. Gardner tells us, "is the exterior railing of St. Paul's Cathedral, which was contracted for at the high rate of sixpence per pound, and cost 12,000*l.* Cast iron only came into general use for such purposes at the beginning of the present century."

In the chapter on "The Early History of Ironwork" during classical times the author is evidently rather out of his element, and a good many corrections might be made; as, for example, at p. 31, the famous silver *crater* at Delphi is said to have been given by the Lydian King Alyattes to the temple of Minerva Pronœa, whereas it really stood in the pronaos of the temple of the Pythian Apollo. Again, the elaborate wrought-iron stand (*ὑποκρηπίδιον*) which Glaucus of Chios forged for Alyattes's *crater* is described by Athenæus (*Athen.* v. 45), not Hegesander, as being decorated with figures of animals and plants. In a previous passage there is a quotation from Hegesander; but Athenæus expressly says that he describes the decorative figures on the *crater*-stand from his own personal observation.

In discussing the use of iron on a large scale by the Romans, Mr. Gardner writes:—"From Pompeii we might infer the total absence of constructive ironwork in Roman architecture, yet Professor Aitchison claims that in the Baths of Caracalla a large ceiling was supported on iron girders." This fact might be stated less doubtfully than these words would imply, since some tons of broken iron T girders were found a few years ago during the excavation of the great *cella soliaris* of the Thermæ of Caracalla. These girders had been cased in bronze, and they were arranged so as to form square panels, which were filled in with concrete decorated with mosaic and delicate stucco reliefs, all coloured and gilt, thus forming a strong and richly decorated flat ceiling, with a span of enormous width.

In the next section of this handbook Mr. Gardner deals with what he terms "the Age of the Blacksmith," that is, the mediæval period down to the fourteenth century, when elaborate ironwork in the form of door-hinges, grills, and screens was made with no other tools than those of the iron forger, whose work was completely carried out while the iron was in a hot, semi-plastic state, and the file, happily, was not regarded as one of the tools of the blacksmith.

During the next period, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, the iron was to a large extent worked while it was cold, with the help of quite a different class of tools to those which were used by the old forger. Much elaborate and beautifully designed ironwork was during this period produced by the use of the file, the saw, the vice, and the drill; but this class of work to some extent lacks the charm and spirit that are so remarkable in the earlier sort of ornamental iron, beaten out and modelled on the anvil with the smith's hammer, rapidly applied before the glowing metal had time to become cold and hard.

Mr. Gardner gives interesting descriptions of some of the finest English wrought-iron grills of the earlier period, such as the magnificent curved grill which protects Queen Eleanor of Castile's tomb in Westminster Abbey, and the richly decorated screens in Winchester and Lincoln Cathedrals—all three perfect masterpieces of hammer-work, light, and yet strong, full of graceful design and refined detail. Much of the richness of the Eleanor grill is due to the use of punches, cut like coin dies, with which the smith impressed delicate ornament on the hot iron with blows of the hammer—a device borrowed from the technique of the moneyer. Fortunately records still exist at Westminster which show that this magnificent piece of ironwork was produced by a smith named Thomas of Leghtone, in 1294, and that he was paid for it a sum nearly equal to 200*l.* of modern money—a small price, considering the beauty of the work and the amount of labour which must have been expended on it.

Of about the same date, or perhaps a little earlier, are the very sumptuous hinges on the Porte St. Anne of the Cathedral of Paris, now unfortunately much injured by restoration, but originally, both in design and execution, an unrivalled example of pure smith's work of the noblest kind.

Of the later type of ironwork, a good typical example is to be seen in Westminster Abbey; this is a screen which fills up the archway below the Chantry Chapel of Henry V. The main

decorated sheet plate any of In of this double punch pattern as in This liable plate, tively At fine e of the Siena class A v which Wind unkno the t magni than f rately execut actual must are, fr The Age o the ri centu the c fifteen On conta very to the previ Muse The which worse book Tw very Sout consi more ironv the C hand W with surp be a mini high the whic so of taken reali worl Prof volu chap curr tical Mag ility Co. Th Ph.D

decoration of this grill consists of tracery cut and filed out of sheet iron, richness of effect being produced by superimposing plate upon plate, so as to get rid of the flatness and poverty of any ornament which is merely pierced in a flat sheet.

In Italy, especially in Siena and Florence, very beautiful work of this class was produced during the fourteenth century by a double process. First, the design was cut out with files, saws, punches, and then, instead of leaving the iron plate flat, the pattern was embossed by hammering the thin iron from behind, as in ordinary *repoussé* work.

This method wholly takes away the poverty of effect which is liable to injure even elaborately designed patterns in pierced plate, and great decorative beauty is produced with a comparatively small expenditure of labour.

At p. 98 Mr. Gardner illustrates with an excellent woodcut a fine example of this pierced and embossed work, the upper part of the chapel screen in the great hall of the Palazzo Pubblico in Siena. Central Italy is very rich in examples of this beautiful class of ironwork.

A very good description is given of those wonderful iron gates which are now near the high altar of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The use and original position of these gates is now unknown, and it is merely a tradition that associates them with the tomb of Edward IV. One remarkable thing about these magnificent gates is that the design is more suited for bronze than for iron work. Countless crockets, finials, and other elaborately modelled details would have been comparatively easy to execute in bronze by the *cire perdue* process, while the labour actually expended in cutting and filing them out of cold iron must have been something enormous. Beautiful as these gates are, both in design and workmanship, they suffer, as works of art, from this want of adaptation of their design to their material.

The latter part of this second period Mr. Gardner calls "the Age of the Locksmith," and he gives many beautiful specimens of the richly ornamented locks and door-furniture of the fifteenth century, mostly selected from German examples—Germany being the country where ironwork specially flourished during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and even later still.

On the whole this handbook is a very creditable production, containing no useless padding, and supplying, in a small space, a very large amount of valuable matter. It is a worthy successor to the many useful handbooks on other branches of art that have previously been issued by the authorities of the South Kensington Museum.

The book is well and copiously illustrated with woodcuts, which are mostly of excellent quality; nor are they any the worse because many of them have already appeared in other books.

Two of the best woodcuts (at pages 130 and 131) illustrate very elaborate German or Flemish grills which are now in the South Kensington Museum; and it is to be regretted that considerations of economy have prevented the illustration of more examples from the remarkably fine collection of mediæval ironwork which this Museum possesses. It is to be hoped that the Committee of Council on Education may continue to issue handbooks of this very useful kind.

TWO ELECTRICAL BOOKS.*

WE do not suppose that electricity has ever been, or ever will be, accused of dullness. From first to last it bristles with attractive experiments and showy manifestations. It is not surprising that so dazzling and so unintelligible an agency should be a popular favourite. But if there is a fascination in the miniature thunderstorms of the lecture-room and the feats at high voltages of the electrical exhibition, there is much more in the sequence of calculations, experiments, and measurements by which the science has been gradually built up. It has been said so often that "electricity is measurement" that the phrase has taken rank as a well-established proverb. Those who wish to realize the interest of measurement will do well to consult the work on *Absolute Measurements in Electricity and Magnetism*, by Professor Andrew Gray, of which the second part of the second volume now lies before us. This excellent part consists of eight chapters. The first four deal in turn with the measurement of currents, the measurement of inductance, theoretical and practical units, and the absolute measurement of resistance. The

* *The Theory and Practice of Absolute Measurements in Electricity and Magnetism*. By Andrew Gray, M.A., Professor of Physics in the University College of North Wales. Vol. II., Part II. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

The Standard Electrical Dictionary. By T. O'Connor Sloane, A.M., E.M., Ph.D. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1893.

fifth chapter, under the modest heading "Comparison of Units," details with praiseworthy clearness and conciseness the history of a most interesting problem. Loosely stated, the problem consists in the extremely accurate measurement of certain quantities of electricity, and the calculation, from those measurements, of the velocity of light. More precisely, it is the calculation of the velocity of an electro-magnetic disturbance by the comparison of the electro-static and electro-magnetic units of an electrical quantity. The ratio of these two units is what mathematicians call a "velocity," and is usually denoted by "*v*." It represents the velocity of the propagation of an electro-magnetic disturbance in air. The value of "*v*," then, was the point to be determined. The results of the various investigations are given in elementary text-books, and are told to many schoolboys, but the experiments and calculations themselves are known only to those who are inclined, and able, to take prolonged dives into the Philosophical Transactions and other publications of the kind. The *précis* supplied by Professor Gray was, therefore, much needed. He gives a diagram of the marvellous piece of apparatus—the original, we believe, is still on view in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge—with which Maxwell attempted to solve the problem by balancing the attraction between two electrified discs against the repulsion between two coils of wire, in which currents were flowing in opposite directions. Lord Kelvin and others have worked out the same problem, in various ways, with well-known results; and we do not suppose that any one now holds, even as a pious opinion, the view that light is not an electro-magnetic disturbance. The sixth chapter deals very briefly with the somewhat unsettled subject of the measurement of "activity" in electric circuits, a subject in which the electrical profession takes, just now, a very special interest; the seventh treats of the measurement of intense magnetic fields, magnetic induction, magnetic "cycles," and Professor Ewing's molecular theory. A capital description of the Hertzian investigations with the "vibrator" and "resonator," and the further discoveries of Dr. Lodge, Professor Fitzgerald, and others in the same field, brings a valuable book to an end.

The province of an electrical dictionary is to explain electrical terms, and this is what Mr. T. O'Connor Sloane has attempted to do in his *Standard Electrical Dictionary*. But an electrical term cannot, as a rule, be explained in a single sentence. Some of them require at least an illustrated article. Mr. Sloane must often have been perplexed to decide what amount of exposition should be allotted to terms of the more intricate kind, and in many cases he has evidently been compelled to sacrifice lucidity to space. His definition of voltage, for instance, is too short and too vague; his description of Ewing's theory of magnetization is no description; and his explanation of the theory of the Wimshurst machine is no explanation. On the other hand, he defines many terms which might well be allowed to explain themselves. Such words as "sticking," used of the armature of a magnet, or "hissing," as applied to an arc lamp, have no more *locus standi* as technical terms than "going out" as applied to the electric light. Notwithstanding minor blemishes, however, the work of compilation, which must have involved an immense amount of labour, has been performed in a creditable manner, and the dictionary will probably be a valuable book of reference to the person for whom it is professedly intended, the general reader.

DUTCH AND BELGIAN LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH a somewhat longer period than usual has elapsed since our last notice of Dutch and Belgian Literature, it cannot be said that the literary harvest is more abundant than formerly. It is true that a new era appears about to dawn in the Netherlands as well as in other countries; but it is noticeable that the young authors of both Holland and Belgium—especially those of the latter country, who write in French—sacrifice the natural harmony of their style in their efforts to appear original. They follow in this respect a certain class of young painters, and are consequently looked upon with some distrust, while more foreign *chefs-d'œuvre* find their way into the literary market than Dutch or Belgian masterpieces. In Belgium especially French authors take precedence of all others; in Holland translations are always eagerly sought after by the reading public. The selection, however, of these is not indiscriminate; there is a marked preference for those of moral merit. We notice, for example, a translation of the works of Sir Walter Scott (1). These books make the more advanced school of authors shrug their shoulders impatiently; they are eager for more piquant and, it may be added, more unwholesome matter.

(1) *De Werken van Sir Walter Scott, met illustratiën*. I. *Jeannet*. Arnheim: Cohen. 1893.

Many people are immensely interested in Ibsen's works, representing, it is true, genius of a totally different type. As the German translation of these was found inadequate, a complete one has been undertaken in Dutch (2).

But we will not linger on translations, and before passing to general literature will glance at some historical works edited during the last few months. Amongst them the *Correspondance de Granvelle*, published in Brussels by Ch. Piot, Archivist of the country, takes the first place (3). This work, to which we have already directed the reader's attention, has now reached the ninth volume, and forms part of the great "Collection de chroniques belges inédites," issued by order of the Government. The present volume contains 339 letters, and extracts of letters and memoirs belonging exclusively to the year 1582, comprising 770 documents. The learned author gives, as before, in a brilliant introduction which he modestly terms a preface, a summary of the events of the period, placed before us in a new and original manner by the "Correspondance." We learn, for example, that one of the principal preoccupations of Margaret of Parma and her son was that of providing for their relatives, friends, and acquaintances. Justice was but a secondary consideration. Margaret tried to secure the pontifical throne for her brother-in-law, Alexander Farnese; but there were six aspirants, and Alexander did not succeed. Details of the history of Groningen, under Spanish rule till 1594, form the subject of a great many letters containing much previously unknown information. Of similar interest is the taking of Lierre by the Spaniards (p. 751). The Report of Van Maelcotte, Counsellor of Brabant, is extremely interesting, as descriptive of the history and civilization of the age. Particulars are given of the pretended conspiracy of Salzedo against the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Anjou. These differ from the generally received opinion held by French authors. There are also many documents on English affairs treating of Queen Elizabeth and the part she made the Duke d'Alençon play. This question has been already dealt with by M. Kervyn de Lettenhove, and by M. Alberdingk Thijm in their studies of the sixteenth century. Granvelle, as M. Piot most appropriately remarks, never believed in the union (xxxvii.) We have said enough to show that the new volume rivals its predecessors in interest, and that historical science owes much to the editor for the care displayed in the issue of the work. An alphabetical and chronological table of contents crowns the book. One remark with respect to it. We have before us, for example, an article *Milan* (the taking of), another *Prêches*, another *Troupes françaises*, and are able to see almost at once the particulars desired; but it is a little difficult to know in what letter *Clôture de Sont* is to be found, and what Farnese thought about it; for the name of the Prince appears 163 different times in the table without an explanatory word to aid and facilitate the reader's researches (see p. 291). The same difficulty meets us, for example, with respect to the pension of Fonck (p. 309). We hope that the learned author will not omit to give a full analytical table of contents, which is the only way of promoting a thorough study of the work. Several German historians have, it is true, given us but a bad example in this respect, but it is to be hoped that it may not be followed.

We recommend the English reader to an historical work crowned by the Académie de Bruxelles—it is on the district of Liège (4).

Various historical studies, under the direction of the well-known historian of the sixteenth century, Professor Fruin, are published at the Hague at irregular intervals (5). The well-known scientific spirit of the director is a guarantee for the worth of the publications even when the opinions advanced do not please everybody.

Canon Namèche, formerly Rector of the University of Louvain, of whom we have frequently spoken in our columns, is just dead, but up to the last moment of his life was able to continue his great *National History*, the twenty-ninth and last volume of which contains an index (6). The work is popular, extremely complete, and is written in an impartial manner; the style is most attractive.

Some light concerning Jansenism has been given by Mlle. Naber in her book, *Force in Weakness* (7). It is the con-

tinuation of a monograph of the Abbess Agnes Arnauld, of Port Royal; and describes the last period of the history of Port Royal, 1661-1711. The vivid picture the author draws of the resistance of the women there to Catholicism is given with a zest which leaves no doubt as to the writer's personal sympathies.

We must not omit to name the history of Charles Rogier, "le Belge français par excellence" (8). Rogier, professor, journalist, and minister, was one of the chief promoters of the Revolution of 1830. He was a most determined opponent of the national movement in favour of the Renaissance of the Flemish language and literature. Born in France, he never forgot his birthplace, and he led the Flemish into a "fransquillonisme," the effects of which are but too perceptible in their tastes and manners, totally different from those of their ancestors of the *moyen âge* as well as those of more recent times. The work is announced in four volumes; as yet we have but the youth of Rogier given with minute and somewhat tedious details.

It is somewhat astonishing to note with what zeal some authors have taken up the question of Indian civilization, yet the subject must necessarily be of interest to the English reader. We will name, therefore, the writings of Perelaar, Van Vlijmen, Van der Lith, and of Dr. Groneman; the latter has published particulars of the excavations made in Java, accompanied by sixty-four photographs (9).

M. Perelaar has spent many years in the Dutch colonies and can be considered as the best semi-historical writer of Holland (10). We are told by him the cause of the war against the Atjehs. The book contains, it is true, many things not particularly edifying, but a very good idea is gained of the mean policy which frequently rules in Eastern questions.

From Far and Near (11) gives us studies of Indian scenes, made during an equestrian tour. The tableaux of Paris and Amsterdam are also no less interesting.

M. van der Lith has been at work for a long time on a popular illustrated Indian History. The first part has just been published, and cannot fail to interest English readers (12).

A lady author has given us some scenes of life in India amongst Europeans (13). The heroine, though savage and wicked, is pretty and naïve. The somewhat melancholy tenor of the book is varied by rays of sunshine which dissipate the gloom. It is not a *chef-d'œuvre*.

Various works in the domain of ethnology must be noticed, as they merit the consideration of *littérateurs* in general as well as historians. We refer to the *Bibliothèque de la compagnie de Jésus* (14). The first part contains the biographies of the "Pères Augustin et Aloys de Backer"; the second "L'histoire," by P. Carayon (new edition). A third volume of the series has just been published. The writers are given alphabetically from Desjacques to Gzowski (Escoban, Felix, Feller, Ghesquiere), &c. Explanations of various theses and papers, and matters relating to them, are also given.

We must name a work on Arabian literature by Victor Chauvin (15). It is a bibliography, and will be of great service to Oriental scholars. The first part tells us of Schnurrer, who published, from 1799 to 1806, a bibliography of the historians, geographers, and poets of Arabia. The second edition appeared in 1811. A good index was wanting. After Zenker, Frederici, &c., M. Chauvin brings his work down to 1885. The first part of the volume is devoted to works of the imagination in prose; then follow the proverbs, and an alphabetical table.

With this bibliography a learned professor of the Louvain University is associated, by publication of the text of the famous book of Avicenna from the manuscripts of Berlin, Leyden, and Oxford (16). The text forms the first volume, and will be followed by a translation in French. It is known that the medical prescriptions of Avicenna were formerly published in many popular books—for instance, in kalenders. Avicenna

(8) *Charles Rogier*. Par Ernest Discailles, 1880-1885. Tome 1. Bruxelles: Lebléue et Cie.

(9) *Tjandi Parambanam, op Midden Java, na de ontgraving*. Door T. Groneman. La Haye: Martinus Nijhoff. Published by the Society Instituut voor de taal-, land-, en volkenkunde van Ned. Indië.

(10) *Noordwest en zuidoost*. Door H. Perelaar. Amsterdam: H. Becht.

(11) *Heinde en verre*. Door F. van Vlijmen. Nijmegen: H. Thieme.

(12) *Nederlandsch Oost-Indië, beschreven en afgebeeld voor het Nederlandsche volk*. Door P. A. van der Lith. 's Gravenhage: M. Nijhoff.

(13) *Aleide Ploegers*. Door Louise B. B. Nijmegen: D. Tjeenk Wilank.

(14) *Bibliothèque de la compagnie de Jésus*. Par Carlos Sommervogel, S.J. 1 vol. Bruxelles: Société Belge de Librairie.

(15) *Bibliographie des ouvrages arabes ou relatifs aux Arabes, publiés dans l'Europe chrétienne de 1810 à 1885*. Par Victor Chauvin. Tome 1. Liège: Vaillant-Carmanne.

(16) *Ebn-Sinâ: le livre des théorèmes et des avertissements*. Première partie. Par J. Forget. Leyde: Brill.

(2) *De Werken van Ibsen in't Nederlandsch vertaald*. I. Roemerholm. Hoor: Kapteyn & Co. 1893.

(3) *Correspondance du Cardinal de Granvelle, 1582*. Tome ix. Publiée par Ch. Piot. Bruxelles: F. Hayez.

(4) *Sur l'attitude des souverains des Pays-Bas à l'égard du pays de Liège au XVI^e siècle*. Par Louchay. Bruxelles: Hayez et Cie.

(5) *Bijdragen voor vaderlandsche geschiedenis en oudheidkunde*. 's Gravenhage: Martinus Nijhoff.

(6) *Histoire nationale*. Par A. J. Namèche. Louvain: Ch. Fonteyn.

(7) *Kracht in zwakheid*. r Johanna Naber. Amsterdam: F. W. Egeling.

admits Aristotle as his master. The "Théorèmes" consist of two parts in twenty chapters; the first embracing what is received by the medical school under the name of logical facts, while the second treats on physical matters.

We will pass from the fantastic prescriptions of Avicenna to the domain of literary art in the Netherlands. Some works merit attention; but it cannot be said that the writers of to-day surpass the old authors of the romances of half a century ago—the Van Lennep, the Oltmans, the Bosboom, Toussaint, and many others. They lay claim to the title of artistic works, more, indeed, from the form of their conception than on æsthetical and moral grounds. Amongst them must be especially noted the narratives of Loosjes (17). They show us the evil effects that false ideas of honour and conventionality have brought upon society.

A *Troublesome Person* (18) treats of the same theme. The author writes the life of a sinner because, as he remarks, the lives of the saints are sufficiently known, or have at any rate been most abundantly written. The principal fault in the book is that both virtues and vices are depicted in a too absolute manner, and have not always the stamp of probability.

Misery and discontent have largely increased of late in Friesland; and during a recent visit of the two Queens of Holland to the Northern provinces the workmen drew attention to their sad position, and claimed universal suffrage as a panacea for their sufferings. M. Kleefstra's novel—*Middle-Class People: a Novel of Social Life* (19)—places the actual state of the question before us. The destitution of the working classes is vividly described; but by the side of this the author draws attention to the trials of a middle-class family, ruined by reverse of fortune and in spite of industry and perseverance. These trials, as portrayed by M. Kleefstra, far surpass those endured by the poor or working class. They have to be borne in silence, consequently the compassion of the public in general is not given, and no succour is forthcoming; while the workless or destitute poor invariably find help most generously given in answer to their appeals. This book deals, then, with the events of the day, and will do good. The author has done a good deed; the style of diction is not particularly brilliant, and it may perhaps gain by being translated.

M. Aletrino is known as a critical observer and good writer; his novel *Sister Bertha* (20) merits attention, although its morality is not very satisfactory. A young Protestant girl enters a hospital as nurse, and soon regrets having done so. She falls in love with one of the doctors—a hopeless entanglement—and subsequently marries a man she cares nothing about, but from time to time she smiles upon him in memory of the doctor—elective affinity!

Without a Will (21) is a book of great social interest, the author styles it a novel; it is, it is true, a work of the imagination, but by no means a description of romantic passion. Its aim is to show the error of those people who believe in the absence of free will in man. The fatal consequences of such a belief are most graphically drawn. Some extremely reasonable people appear on the scene; in their midst is a pleasing young girl, sound in mind and body like the evening star in a luminous firmament. Hypnotism is brought in to prove the existence of free will. The book merits the attention of the English reader.

George Kepper's new work dwells on the evils of duelling (22) and the foolishness of the custom. The plot is somewhat too sentimental, but the tone is good and style charming.

The tales of Johann de Meester (23) are serious and yet fantastic, and stern realities are not sacrificed to witticisms or fancies.

Hermann Ronse touches on the great social question, and seeks to show the nobility and generosity to be observed in the character of the working-man (24). His feelings are considered, and a lecture is given to him calculated to produce sentiments of contentment and submission.

The novel of D. J. van Medevoort is not of the new realistic

(17) *Een hellevaart*. Door Vincent Loojjes. Amsterdam: P. van Kampen en Zoon.

(18) *Een lustig persoon*. Door G. van der Hoeve. Edam: J. M. Roldanus.

(19) *Burgermensen: roman uit het sociale leven*. Door J. Kleefstra. Amsterdam: Uitgevers-maatschappij-Elsevier.

(20) *Zuster Bertha*. Door A. Aletrino. Amsterdam: W. Versluys.

(21) *Willoezen: roman*. Door Jan Holland. Utrecht: Dr. A. J. Vitranga.

(22) *Een zaak van eer*. Door George Kepper. Amsterdam: Van Kampen en Zoon.

(23) *Parijische schimmen*. Door Johann de Meester. Zutphen: W. Thieme en Cie.

(24) *Gentsche novellen. Het volk*. Door Hermann Ronse. Gent: Drukkerij Het Volk.

school, for in *His Dark Past* (25) we find ourselves in the society of good people; they are, however, tormented by a certain ill luck (the heroine disappears in a balloon, a lightly bound captive), which they endeavour to account for by the faults of their past lives. The style is humorous, at times too stilted, but the book merits an English translation.

In *Compassione* (26) the subject is a search for the best religion, as formerly Platon Polichinelle in search of the best Republic half a century ago; or Rosmer in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*—a vain quest after what is both near and visible to us, as the author observes, in the Church.

Authoresses are not rare in Holland, but the banal and realistic style of the day finds no favour with them; they fall, indeed, sometimes into faults of another description, as Mme. Kautzmann in *Fairy* (27). The morality of the book is unimpeachable, but it is tinged with a somewhat mystical sadness.

Anne Windt (28) is a charming novel, the scene of which is laid in Denmark; it relates the history of three young ladies of widely differing characters, their disillusion, and the deceptions of their aunt Marianne.

Netscher is one of the most advanced "modernists," and with him can be named Coupérus, Van Nieuhuys, Emants, and Van Deyssel (29). There is a certain approach to Zola in Netscher's books, but the talent of the French novelist is wanting, the details are too wearisome—for example, the reader's attention is fatigued by his admiration for a "beautiful lip." The style is much admired, and his treatment of the subjects of the day is masterly.

In his *Book of Happiness* (30), Louis Coupérus tries to show the ideal happiness to be enjoyed by two pure hearts, although separated from each other by marriage ties; but the false position of the lovers falls naturally into the customary entanglements. M. Coupérus is justly praised for the freshness of his style and his wonderful psychological analysis of the affairs of the heart. But it is to be feared that he has already reached the height of his fame, as his faults are those of principles, and not simply mere artistic blemishes.

M. van Wijk's *Tales* (31) are preferable as to tone, and are written in a dialect of Gueldre.

Marcellus Emants (32), whom we have already named, has written the story of a woman, who, though twice faithless to her marriage vows, is yet looked upon by her husband as the same charming little person as before their marriage. At last he knows all, yet resigns himself to the circumstances. The wife does not, therefore, run off with one of her lovers. What can a young wife of to-day do otherwise than flirt or fall in love? She has no need to bake or to cook; everything necessary for the house is furnished by the shops; she would be bored to death without an "intrigue" whilst her husband, a lieutenant, is on duty. She is, then, a mere woman of fashion, and all is pardoned. *Le Gids*, one of the oldest and best reviews, conducted, it is claimed, on strictly moralistic principles, finds the young wife "a sympathetic little woman." We do not think this appreciation will suit the tastes of English readers.

Pessimism is, in M. M. F. Bohn's opinion, his strong point—his fancy or imagination consequently teems with horrors. He believes human nature to be depraved and wicked; but does not appear to hold the doctrine of original sin. The banker, lawyer, member of Parliament, and the professor, who fill the chief rôles in his book (33), are all drones of the worst description, while the heroine attracts her lover to a place of ill-fame. The contents of the book, in short, are grimy, and we can praise nothing but the style.

We have not yet mentioned any Dutch poets, but must reserve our notice for a future occasion, with one exception, however, in the case of M. Schaepman, who excels not only as a poetical and prose writer, but is widely known as a politician, and as one of the most distinguished orators of the Second "Chambre." He has just published a collection of articles which have already appeared in *Wachter*. He explains his views on Catholicism, &c.

(25) *Zijn donker verleden*. Door D. J. van Medevoort. 2 vols. Amsterdam: Kirberger en Kesper.

(26) *Compassione*. Door F. W. Egeling. Amsterdam: Frans Burgstein.

(27) *Fee*. Door Kautzmann van Oosterzee. Schoonhoven: Van der Nooten.

(28) *Anne Windt*. Tusschen 7 en 12. Dieren: G. G. Opwyrd.

(29) *Egisme*. Door Franz Netscher. Amsterdam: Holkema en Warendoff.

(30) *Extase: een boek van geluk*. Door Louis Coupérus. Amsterdam: Van Kampen en Zoon.

(31) *In den duivelshoek en elf andere vertelsels in de neder-betoverende taal*. Door E. C. van Wijk. Tiel: D. Mijs.

(32) *Een twaalfde novellen*. Door Marcellus Emants. Haarlem: H. Tjeenk Willink.

(33) *De val van een bankiershuis*. Door F. Bohn. Haarlem: De Erven Bohn.

in an interesting preface, in which politics are developed, and he shows why he esteems the anti-Revolutionists (the Calvinists, the Groenians) more than the Liberals of to-day—because the latter lose, more and more (in Holland), their faith in a revealed religion.

Ere concluding our *résumé*, we will glance briefly at Belgian literature. Since the existence of Belgium as an independent kingdom the Flemish language has fallen greatly into disuse. At the eleventh hour an effort has been made to rescue it from the oblivion in which it languished; help has arrived from various quarters, and a Royal Flemish Academy was established five years ago. But the party spirit, which enters even into literary circles, prevented the Academy being founded with an equal number of both Catholics and Liberals; a group of the latter refused to join, and they allow no occasion to pass of seeking defects in the armour of those in whose ranks they naturally might have been expected to combat as brothers-in-arms. But, although the Academy is not exclusively composed of the most accomplished Belgian writers, it comprises many distinguished members of great ability.

Immense services have been rendered by the Academy to the old Dutch or Flemish literature by the publication of many important manuscripts, lost until now amidst piles of dusty archives; they are of great service to philologists.

The distinguished prose writer Rooses continues his history of old Flemish artists, De Potter and Broeckaert that of ancient Flemish communes; Paul Frédéricq Stallaert, Obrie, and others devote themselves to the study of the old national laws. The simplicity of the ancient manners and customs of the Flemish are portrayed by Snieders in his Tales; and Van Droogenbroeck gives in characteristic diction the maxims of Oriental wisdom. Teirlinck Styns has issued a new edition of his novel, *Poor Flanders* (34), the principal aim of which is to show that Flanders or Belgium would be a far happier country than it is if it were possible to abolish clerical influence. As is generally the case in works of this description, the author takes abuses for principles, and exceptions for laws, and from this standpoint he criticizes the conduct of a minister whose political views differ from his own.

Passing to the *belles-lettres*, we must name M. Verlant, who has published interesting pages upon the progress of Belgian literature. When we compare what has been written during the last few years in Flemish with what our young writers produce in French, it is indisputable that the latter carry off the palm. The Flemings strive to make their language rival French in its purity, and would move heaven and earth to win the places and favours carried off by the Walloons. Alas! they have not at present produced a Maeterlinck nor a Nautet, who, by-the-by, is writing upon the *belles-lettres* of Belgium in French (35). As to morality, it is certain that the Flemish works compare favourably with those of *la jeune Belgique*. We will cite Georges Rodenback, a writer of the new advanced school. In his book *Bruges la morte* (36), he tells us of a widower who finds a striking resemblance to his dead wife in an actress, but forgets that the priest and mayor should be called upon to conclude certain *liaisons*. The plot is somewhat banal, but M. Rodenback is a keen observer and draws most admirably vivid pictures of an old Flemish town, its Béguinage, canals, and donjons.

Les dernières fêtes (37) and *Pierrot Narcisse* (38) are two recent works by M. Albert Giraud, one of the most constant contributors to *La Jeune Belgique*. The two books are written by a well-skilled hand, but cannot be given indiscriminately to every one. The first is particularly dangerous, on account of the veiled sensuality of its tone; the last shocks by certain comparisons of sacred and profane things. If M. Giraud would take up other views, he would certainly become one of our most admired poets. After the subtle and enervating atmosphere of *Les dernières fêtes*, it is refreshing to pass to *Le don d'enfance* (39), the tone of which is good, although at times somewhat monotonous. Excepting *L'inconnue*, it is a real pleasure to read of these ideal joys and sorrows; they are, indeed, more Olympian than terrestrial. *Les filles de Loth* (40) is well written, but shows clearly how difficult it is to treat Biblical subjects.

(34) *Arm-Flanders*. Door Teirlinck Styns. 2 deelen. Amsterdam: Holkenma en Warendorff.

(35) *Histoire des lettres belges d'expression française*. Par François Nautet. Tome I. Bruxelles: Rozes.

(36) *Bruges la morte*. Par G. Rodenback. Paris: Flammarion.

(37) *Les dernières fêtes*. Par Albert Giraud. Bruxelles: P. Lacomblez.

(38) *Pierrot Narcisse*. Par Albert Giraud. Bruxelles: P. Lacomblez.

(39) *Le don d'enfance*. Par Fernand Severin. Bruxelles: Paul Lacomblez.

(40) *Les filles de Loth*. Par Paul Lacomblez. Bruxelles: Paul Lacomblez.

Souvenirs d'une morte (41) is a well-written small book, in praise of country life; its charm to those who use their pen, pencil, and brush, and work in solitude far away from the madding crowd. *Contes hétéroclites* (42) are true to their title. The author clothes old ideas with new expressions; elsewhere they might be styled bizarre, yet here they may be read with interest, and will please any one who is willing to overlook the eccentricities of the style. We recommend *Le papillon* (43) of E. Lecomte. Our young authors differ widely as to their talents—one is wanting in originality, another in seriousness, another in inspiration; but we find the *Excursions* (44) of M. le Baron de Haulleville both refreshing and instructive. M. van Cauwenberghé has published *Historical Notes* (45) of the painters (on stained glass) in Antwerp.

L'habit d'Arlequin (46) is a grotesque name for a traveller's itinerary. Good temper and simplicity are not wanting in the contents, and it merits perusal.

We have yet to name some charmingly naïve stories of the "pays Wallon"—they are not meant merely for children (47). Time and space do not allow us to speak of the dramatic works so abundant in Belgium. Amongst them some are found worthy of the prize of 1,500 frs. given triennially by the Government.

Our *résumé* will suffice to show that there is a steady progress in our literature, although during the last months we cannot signalize the appearance of any *chef-d'œuvre*; but the tendency of the greater number of our writers is certainly more elevated, and we are thus encouraged to hope that their future efforts will be crowned with success.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IF we are not mistaken, M. Jusserand wrote on Langland (1) a good many years ago, and some years before the delightful volume on *La vie nomade en Angleterre* which made his fame. He referred to *Piers Plowman* again more than once in that volume itself, and now he has devoted a fresh instalment of *Les Anglais au moyen âge* to the book and its author. And, on the old principle of reputations going round the world before they reach home, we should not be very much surprised if this volume did what *non anni potuerunt decem, non mille carinae* (the literal translation of which is what "not Dr. Skeat's two editions, nor his manifold learning and scholarship could do"), and made Englishmen take some interest, at least at secondhand, in the Malvern poet. M. Jusserand has some little differences with the Cambridge Professor on their common subject of study which we do not pretend to compose, but he does the fullest justice, as indeed, no one, himself a scholar, could fail to do, to Dr. Skeat's work—without which, indeed, it is very improbable that he himself would have been drawn to the subject. His own treatment of it is, of course, not so much philological or historical as "sociological" and literary, and he is even more attracted by the pictures of the England of the time contained in *Piers Plowman* than even by its literary value, high as he puts that.

To tell the truth, at the risk of bringing the Middle-English fanatics down upon our heads, we think it is possible to over-value this latter quantity, at least if Langland is regarded as a poet. M. Jusserand makes a bold and ingenious comparison between him and Blake. They were both seers, no doubt, and they both had a power of bad language for things and folk that they did not like. But Blake could sing; and we are not quite sure that Langland could. Again, M. Jusserand, comparing Langland and Chaucer, says that William is "more English" than Geoffrey, because Chaucer is not quite "insular" enough. Of course we know what this means very well; and we also know that it does not mean, as it would in certain mouths which have borrowed it, a reproach of the adversaries. But to M. Jusserand, who knows our nation and, we would fain think, hates it not, we would suggest that there are two types of the

(1) *Ma Juliette*. Œuvre posthume. Par Jean Rousseau. 1 vol. Bruxelles: Société Belge de Librairie.

(42) *Contes hétéroclites*. H. Carton de Wiart. 1 vol. Bruxelles: Société Belge de Librairie.

(43) *Papillon et Pallillotes*. Par Emile Lecomte. 1 vol. Verviers: Gilon.

(44) *En vacances*. Par le baron de Haulleville. Bruxelles: Paul Lacomblez.

(45) *Notice historique sur les peintres verriers d'Anvers au XV^e et XVI^e siècle*. Par Clem. van Cauwenberghé. Anvers: Kennes.

(46) *L'habit d'Arlequin*. Par Arnold de Woelmont. Bruxelles: Société Belge de Librairie.

(47) *Contes populaires du pays Wallon*. Par Aug. Gittée et Jules Lemoine. Gand: Vanderpoorten.

(1) *La poésie mystique de William Langland*. Par J.-J. Jusserand. Paris: Hachette.

Englishman—one which grumbles first of all, and sometimes last of all, and one which does not—the one being not more national than the other. Chaucer was the Englishman to whom grumbling was not meat and drink and the breath of his nostrils; Langland was the Englishman to whom it was. And this—joined to an astonishing power of focussing and seeing an object, and a not much less astonishing power of putting it into words—made him a very great, though a rather monotonous, satirist, if not a very great poet.

However, this is no place for general argument on Langland, or we should break another friendly lance with M. Jusserand on his theory that, while the average Englishman is a Celt and a Teuton, intimately and inextricably blended, intellectual greatness in Englishmen involves a leaning to one or the other side. But it skills more greatly here to praise the admirable fashion in which he has set forth his subject, and the vivid presentment of the scheme of the poem on the one hand, and on the other of the life and character of the author. These latter things, so absolutely obscure in themselves, and as far as external testimony goes, are most vividly imaginable and imagined (for M. Jusserand in this at least is "Ymagynatyf" himself, one of the characters of the poem), as Langland is studied, now on Malvern Hills, now in a London tavern, fashioning in the style, and no doubt to some extent on the model of, the *Roman de la Rose*—but in how different a fashion—this sombre anathema of "Meed" (corruption or interest) and all the other personified or unpersonified abuses which he sees, or thinks he sees, in Church and State. Nor, in point of criticism, can there be anything much better than his selection of "passionate sincerity" as the note of Langland. The *Advocatus Diaboli* may, indeed, question whether a born grumbler's sincerity is not of that rather dubious kind which, though never consciously insincere, is apt to deceive itself. But of these things there is no end, and we do not intend to let "Meed" hire us to ply such advocacy on this occasion. The book is a great gain for Frenchmen and French-reading Englishmen; and we trust that before long it will be available for those feeble ones among our countrymen who "have" no French.

Algeria and Tunis (2) may be said to be at the present time in an awkward middle state from the tour-writing point of view. They are not fresh ground; and, on the other hand, they are not quite familiar enough to give a writer the advantage—no mean one—of letting us see what he can say on a thoroughly hackneyed subject. Still, M. Alfred Baraudon has endeavoured to wear his rue with a difference, and has not wholly failed, even in dealing with the Ouled Nail of Biskra and the Tunis Jewesses. This is really something of a feather in his cap.

It can hardly be said that any part of the French coast nowadays escapes the British tourist; but we should say that, if there is one part less visited by him than another, it is the strip to which M. Constant de Tours (3) devotes this year's instalment of his pleasantly-written and pleasantly-illustrated Album-Guides. Pornic, indeed, at one end of it, and Royan at the other, may have their English visitors in some numbers, but comparatively few there be that visit Saint-Gilles or the Sables d'Olonne, or the Rochelle district, or the interesting chain of islands from Noirmoutier to Oléron. Of these latter the author only attempts the last in detail and says a very little about the first. Yeu and Ré are merely mentioned. But he works his coast pretty conscientiously, and has something about the train routes to and fro.

Unless we mistake, the extremely cheap and convenient collection of classic reprints published by M. Garnier has received of late few additions, and those not always of a very classical kind. Mme. Junot (4) is, perhaps, a disputably classical person as far as style goes, but she has pretty well conquered her place, and a fresh edition of her at a price open to everybody is not superfluous.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MANY persons, probably, would like to possess "The Key to the Family Deed Chest," or a "Guide to the Reading of Ancient Manuscripts," which attractive terms are employed by Mr. E. E. Thoyts to describe his guide to palæography, *How to Decipher and Study Old Documents* (Elliot Stock). The somewhat liberal designation of the author's book is, of course, of strictly limited application. His guide can only become a key, in any sense, in the hands of qualified persons. Such books may

serve the student if he is gifted richly in patience and a natural aptitude for the study of palæography. As Professor Skeat has pointed out in his recent "Specimens" of early English manuscripts published by the Clarendon Press, success in this branch of study demands special and prolonged training and special gifts, the very alphabet or rudiments of the art being beset with peculiar difficulties. Everybody, we suspect, has met with one or more instances of a person gifted with a remarkable capacity for reading old, or illegible—the terms are not, of course, synonymous—correspondence, which is interpreted almost at sight by one who may be perfectly untrained in the subject. With this natural gift the beginner in palæographic study may, indeed, find Mr. Thoyts's book useful. Experience is the best guide in this matter, and of his experience Mr. Thoyts has composed the present volume for the guidance and information of beginners. He starts with a chapter of "Useful Hints," which is a sensible proceeding; and progresses with descriptive chapters, of old deeds and rolls, monastic charters, manorial documents, parish registers, old letters—dealing with the materials employed and the styles of writing or illumination. Of these very various kinds of manuscript Mr. Thoyts gives a good general survey, such as may be helpful to the beginner, treating especially, in his exposition, of such matters as he found to be difficulties in his own experience. He discusses also the characteristics of handwriting, ancient and modern. Possibly a simpler and more satisfactory explanation might be given of the greater uniformity of style in old handwriting, compared with modern, than to account for it as the natural product of paid or professional scribes, as Mr. Thoyts does. This is a partial, and an ingenious, explanation. But the influence of monastic education, which lasted for nearly a century after the monasteries were educational centres, supplies a more complete explanation. As late as the reign of Charles II., the typical handwriting of educated English people is not entirely free from traces of this influence. In Elizabethan times it is unmistakably prevalent, and everybody then seems to have been taught handwriting by the same schoolmaster. Mr. Thoyts thinks, however, that handwriting changed with the Reformation, and that when the "authority of Rome" was shaken off, and printed books became general, the old monastic formal style was supplanted by greater variety and freedom of style. It is undoubtedly true that handwriting in the present century is much more various than it was previously. Among men of letters of the sixteenth century we shall find no three specimens of contemporary handwriting so remarkably different, or so expressive of character, as those of Byron, Keats, and Shelley. No one would seek for material for the study of handwriting as the expression of character and temperament in old manuscripts or letters later than the eighteenth century. This interesting subject, though not strictly relevant to the study of palæography, is not neglected by Mr. Thoyts, who points the moral of an upward or downward tendency of the line, and the nice significance of the cross of a "t," or of an arbitrary disconnection of the letters of a word. As to the uses of palæography most people are of one mind, though Mr. C. T. Martin, who regards it as "the foundation of all history," states in his entertaining preface to this present volume that the late Mr. Freeman boasted that he could not read ancient manuscripts. Possibly the historian thought there were sufficient palæographers, and their labours saved him labour.

Princeton Sketches, by George R. Wallace (Putnam's Sons), comprises the story of Nassau Hall, the handsome and substantial brown stone building which formed the nucleus of the College of New Jersey, the present University at Princeton, and still stands, having survived the ravages of war and two conflagrations. The place and its associations with old colonial days well deserve commemoration. Mr. Wallace's sketches of Princeton make, in fact, a compact history of old Nassau Hall from its foundation in 1756, when the first president, Aaron Burr, moved with some seventy students into the new building from the town of Newark, where the college of New Jersey was first established in 1748. Named in honour of William the Deliverer, the hero of the revolution of 1688, Nassau Hall is associated with memories of Washington and the revolutionary war. "No place in America," says Mr. Wallace, "is more charged with such memories" than is Princeton. Witherspoon, who was President of the College during the struggle, was one of the most energetic leaders of the Whig party, and among the first to declare in favour of the independence of the colonies. Full of interest is Mr. Wallace's account of the early years of Princeton and the stirring times of the war, when the English troops occupied Nassau Hall, and were engaged in some sharp fighting hard by at Stoney Brook, where the colonists captured two cannon, one of which still ornaments the College grounds. The College library was burned, or carried off, and years after some of the

(2) *Algerie et Tunis*. Par Alfred Baraudon. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Côtes de l'océan*. Par Constant de Tours. Paris: May et Motteroz.

(4) *Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès*. 2 tomes. Paris: Garnier.

books were found in North Carolina, where they had been left by the troops of Cornwallis. Mr. Wallace's book is well printed, though the extreme gloss of the paper is too much like what was once known as "cream-laid" to be pleasant to feel, and the illustrations are extremely pretty and interesting. There are portraits, and copies of old lottery bills, and views of the "campus," with its splendid elms, the "Potter woods," and the various College buildings. Some of the halls are dignified, and one at least, "Clio" Hall, the headquarters of the Cliosophic Society, is a building of much beauty and stateliness.

It is an easy transition to pass from the annals of Princeton to Professor Sloane's historical narrative, *The French War and the Revolution* (Sampson Low & Co.), which is the second volume of a series of four, designed to form a complete history of the United States to the present time. The present contribution is limited to the period from 1756 to 1783, a period that has "a unity in many ways," Mr. Sloane observes, in his preface, though his illustration of the unity seems to us a little inconclusive. His book treats of two periods rather, in one of which—the struggle of the English with the French for supremacy—the Americans, or the English colonists, as we prefer to call them, were loyally combined with England against the common enemy, while in the second period—that of the Revolutionary war—they were in alliance with the French. The two conflicts were as different as two descriptions of struggle can well be. Mr. Sloane regards them as both illustrative of "phases of French history"; but, admitting this, it is hard to see what connexion there is between the history of the French and Indian war and the history of the United States, which logically should start with the successful issue of the War of Independence. Even Mr. Sloane appears to be conscious that such a history should not begin at 1756; nor, indeed, with the discovery of America by Columbus. In his retrospect of the position of the colonies at the Peace of Paris, he observes:—"Wolfe was a hero, Quebec was a glorious victory, and there is a sense in which the history of the United States began on that day." In the United States, he proceeds to remark, "it is customary to consider Wolfe's victory as the solstice in the ecliptic of modern history, since it secured America for English institutions, and American civilization is to dominate the world." Here, again, we cannot but feel that the historical conclusion is a little inconclusive and not altogether historical.

Mr. T. F. Thielton Dyer's compilation of ghost-lore—*The Ghost-World* (Ward & Downey)—is an entertaining miscellany; though, perhaps, more substantial as to bulk, and more definite in statement, as a catalogue may be, than befits the theme. In one sense the writer's method is apt enough. He gives, as it were, the skeleton of a story, and in most of the numerous examples it is an effective skeleton. We must confess to a liking for more atmosphere and more scenic preparation in a ghost story than this curiously mixed book affords. We like an artistic groundwork, cunningly "rubbed in," as painters say, for the anticipated sensation of thrill and surprise. But those who cannot have too much of a good thing will delight in this storehouse of wondrous tales of phantom birds and beasts and lights, of murdered "ghosts," haunted houses, second-sight, and "undescribed sounds, that come a swooning over hollow grounds."

Mr. Charles Welch, the City Librarian, has written an admirable *History of the Monument*, illustrated with reproductions of curious old drawings and Wren's plan for rebuilding London after the Fire, which is published by authority of the Corporation. With this description of the building of the Monument, its historical and literary associations, Mr. Welch tells the story of the Great Fire which it commemorates, as it is recorded by Pepys and other eye-witnesses. It is an extremely interesting book, and altogether what a short history should be.

The "Second Series" of *Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin* (George Allen) comprises nearly two hundred extracts from books or pamphlets published between the years 1860 and 1888, arranged, as in the previous volume, under descriptive headings, such as Art, Education, Economy, Ethics, and Religion. Some thirty sources of the selected passages are cited, and these represent the whole range of Mr. Ruskin's work as critic and philosopher during his most inspired and matured years.

We must own to be not of those who are given to deprecate the publication of the *Juvenilia* of a distinguished writer, and have found not a little to uphold our view in *Three Letters and an Essay* (George Allen), by John Ruskin, "found in his tutor's desk." The letters, dated 1840-41, are addressed to Canon Dale, to whom Sydney Smith "spoke in the highest terms" of the first volume of *Modern Painters* on its appearance. The letters are sprightly in style, and one of them, in which the writer discusses his qualifications for entering the Church, is curiously

interesting. The essay is earlier in date, and contains some piquant observations on novels and novel-readers.

There is no lack of cleverness and invention in the little volume of short stories by E. Nisbet with the enigmatic title, *Something Wrong* (Innes & Co.) "Tim" is a touching story of a performing dog, and "The Blue Rose," "The Linguist," and "The Judgment" are all excellent in their well-marked variety of excellence.

This month's issue of the "Border" edition of the Waverleys—*The Abbot* (Nimmo), two volumes—is illustrated by some capital drawings by Mr. Gordon Browne, etched by Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn, Mr. W. H. Boucher, and others. There is excellent criticism in Mr. Lang's introduction, and among the editor's notes a good résumé of the latter-day view of the "Casket Letters" and their still vexed mystery.

The corresponding monthly volume of the "Dryburgh" edition contains *The Monastery* (A. & C. Black), which is illustrated by Mr. John Williamson, some of whose drawings—the frontispiece, notably—are full of life and character.

Of books for reference we have *The Nursing Directory* for 1893 (Record Press, Lim.), the official Directory of Trained Nurses, with particulars of registration, qualifications, and other useful information; the second volume of *Annual Summaries*, reprinted from the *Times*, 1876-92 (Macmillan & Co.); and *The "Bookman" Directory* (Hodder & Stoughton), comprising lists of London and Country Booksellers, Publishers and Authors, by no means complete with respect to the last two classes.

The humours of the Weller family, selected by Mr. Charles F. Rideal from "Pickwick" and "Master Humphrey's Clock," and edited by Mr. Charles Kent, appear in concentrated form in *Wellerisms* (Record Press, Lim.), of which pleasing little book a new edition has recently appeared.

Among other new editions we note Mr. Outram Tristram's *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways*, illustrated by Hugh Thomson and Herbert Railton (Macmillan & Co.); a revised and enlarged edition of Major A. O. Green's *Practical Arabic Grammar*, Part II., with vocabulary, selections for reading, and Key to Part I. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); the late Mr. John Clark Marshman's *Abridgment of the History of India*, with a summary of events from 1872 to 1891, by a member of the author's family, and a good map (Blackwood & Sons); *A Treatise on Dynamics*, by W. H. Besant, Sc.D., second edition (Bell & Sons; Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.); *The Heir Presumptive and the Heir Apparent*, by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan & Co.); *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, by Thomas Hardy (Sampson Low & Co.); *The Witch of Prague*, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan & Co.); *Balladen und Romanzen*, edited and arranged by C. A. Buchheim (Macmillan & Co.); and a revised edition of *Charley Kingston's Aunt* (Warne & Co.), a study of medical life and experience, by Pen Oliver (Sir Henry Thompson).

The SATURDAY REVIEW for September 2 will contain a series of reviews of new School Books for the coming school year.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 Cockspur Street, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

PARIS.

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SESSION 1893-94.

The SESSIONAL COURSE OF INSTRUCTION will commence on WEDNESDAY, October 4. The Chair will be taken by J. ASTLEY BLOXAM, Esq., F.R.C.S., and the INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS delivered by Professor BROWN, C.B., at One P.M.

Lectures, Clinical and Pathological Demonstrations, and General Instruction are given on Comparative Pathology and Bacteriology, the Diseases of the Horse and other Domestic Animals, including Epizootics, Parasites, and Parasitic Affections; also on Anatomy, Physiology, Histology, Chemistry (General and Practical), Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Toxicology, Botany, and Pharmacy, Veterinary Hygiene and Dietetics, Hospital Practice, Obstetrics, Operative Surgery, the Principles and Practice of Shoeing, &c.

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The Matriculation Examination will be held at the ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W., on Wednesday and Thursday, August 30 and 31, at Ten A.M. Candidates must attend on Tuesday, 29th, for the purpose of paying the fees. After September 6 next, students entering the College will be required to produce a Certificate that they have passed the Preliminary General Educational Examination in force after January 1, 1893, of the General Medical Council, or produce an Educational Certificate recognised by that body.

A Scholarship of £25 per annum, tenable for two years, dating from October 1893, will be awarded at the close of the Session 1893-94; and an additional Scholarship of the same amount in each succeeding year. A "Centenary" Scholarship, of the value of £21, will also be awarded annually.

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Secretary.

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SESSION 1893-94.

The SESSION will commence on Monday, October 2. R. C. JEBB, Esq., Litt.D., M.P., Magnus Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, will distribute the Prizes and deliver an Inaugural Address, at a Public Meeting in the College, on Monday, October 9.

Complete COURSES OF INSTRUCTION are provided for the various Examinations in Arts and Science, and the Preliminary Scientific (M.B.) Examination of the University of London; for Students of Civil, Mechanical, or Electrical Engineering; and for those who desire to obtain an acquaintance with some branch of Applied Science. Students may, however, attend any class or combination of classes.

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The successful candidates in all these Scholarships will be required to enter to the full course at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the October succeeding the Examination. The Examination for these Scholarships will be held on September 26, 1893.

For particulars, application may be made, personally or by letter, to the Warden of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

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The WINTER SESSION of 1893-94 will OPEN on Tuesday, October 3, when the Prizes will be distributed at 3 P.M., by the Right Hon. LORD THIRING, K.C.B.

TWO ENTRANCE SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of £150 and £50 respectively, open to first-year Students, will be offered for competition. The Examination will be held on September 27, 28, and 29, and the subjects will be Chemistry and Physics, with either Physiology, Botany, or Zoology, at the option of the Candidates.

Scholarships and Money Prizes of the value of £300 are awarded at the Sessional Examinations, as also several Medals.

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The following ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for competition in October:—

1. A SCHOLARSHIP, valued £145, for the sons of Medical men who have entered the School as *bona fide* first-year students during the current year.

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